Week ending July 24 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

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A breath-taking story by John Kruse

DUEL IN THE SEA

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN by Martha Albrand

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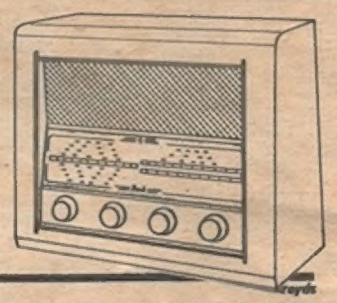

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EDITORIAL

Champions in 1956?

BRITISH athletes did not win a single contest in the last Olympic Games at Helsinki in 1952. Nor do they hold a single Olympic record.

Is that a shock to people complacent with pride over the recent running exploits of Roger Bannister, Gordon Pirie and Chris Chataway?

For these three record-breakers do not make a champion nation. If we are not to be humiliated at the next Olympic Games at Melbourne in 1956, something must be done now to ensure that all promising British boys and girls are properly trained.

THE talent is there, but enough training facilities are not. Gordon Pirie, voted last year's outstanding athlete, says: "Schools ought to do more for athletics, and local authorities should supply more facilities in the parks. Football and cricket seem to get more than their share. In the whole of Greater London there are only twenty-two running tracks."

GORDON PIRIE
"More training is needed"

Athletics is entirely an amateur sport in Britain. Its finances, in spite of its immense new popularity, are pathetically meagre compared with those of other major sports. Its ruling body, the Amateur Athletic Association, can offer full training only to those aspirants who can afford time off from their jobs—and pay travelling expenses.

SO the more local facilities there are everywhere, the easier it will be to give athletes a fair chance to show whether they can battle for Britain.

Yet big towns like Sheffield, Newcastle upon Tyne and Stoke-on-Trent have no tracks at all. The cost of a cinder track is about £2,000. For £100,000 the potential athletes of all Britain could be given what they need within easy reach of their homes.

Why should Britain be the only country which starves its athletes and still expects them to compete favourably with the well-equipped, hard-trained and even pampered stars of other nations?

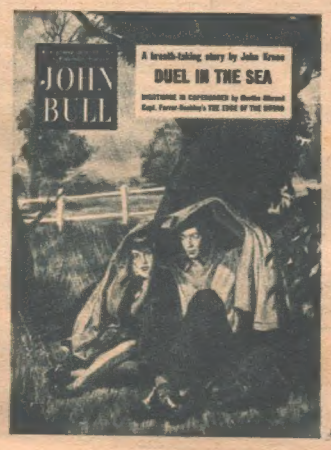
ITALY deducts £4 million a year from her football pools for sport. Germany takes £125,000 a week. All the Scandinavian countries do the same.

Men like Jimmy Guthrie and John Hughes, of the English and the Scottish football players' unions, have suggested a similar scheme for Britain. British athletes could then have more playing fields, tracks, changing-rooms and coaches, and floodlighting for night training.

Then we could go to the Olympic Games, not to be shamed, but to win.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"FINE and dry," said the weather men. "Take a coat," said Mother. Whether you are guided by balloons or bunions, you can't always be right, and Arthur Nash, in his first cover painting, effects a romantic compromise. Nash is thirty-one, and lives with his wife and daughter at Eastbourne, home of many JOHN BULL artists. Once a keen hiker, he has decided, in the wettest summer for fifty years, to take up woodwork.



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Second fill up with Shell again. You will notice smoother running and fuller power. The time I·C·A takes to work may vary, but its effects are unmistakable.

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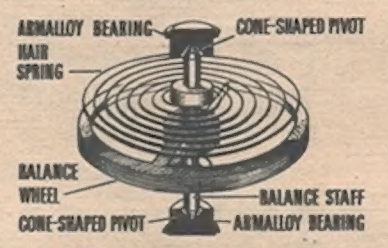
THE INSIDE STORY of TIMEX Shock Resistant wrist-watches is simple but impressive. Every TIMEX has a special cone-shaped balance staff which runs in precision-ground Armalloy bearings. This V-Conic escapement gives the watch tremendous strength where watches are weakest, *ensuring a degree of shock resistance never before combined with such time-keeping at such a price.* Superb styling, dust-proof seal, a movement which cannot be overwound, Manufacturer's Full Guarantee — these and other special TIMEX features combine to produce the most outstanding watch values!



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JULY 24, 1954 VOL. 96 NO. 2508 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Should father pick a son's career?

FOR many years I have employed three men of excellent character. They are sober, reliable, punctual and painstaking, and have been valuable servants to the firm.

During recent years each man has brought a son into the business. All three have been a big disappointment. We expected to find in them the good qualities of their fathers. Instead, they are slack, unpunctual, careless and—in one case—bone lazy.

I have heard it said that a son can never live up to the reputation of his father. On the other hand I have known successful men of good character whose parents were drunkards, or worse.

It seems possible, in our case, that the sons have been pulled into the business against their natural inclinations. It may be that they possess hidden talents which could bring them success in some other sphere. There must be many men who have endured mediocrity because they were forced into careers in which their fathers found happiness and security.—W. G., Dundee, Angus.

Travelling Zoo

IT is not only the miners who name their equipment after animals ("Free Speech," June 26). My nephew, a railway worker, often refers to serpents, crocodiles, toads, macaws and seals.

A serpent is a run of ten carriage trucks; a crocodile is a bogie wagon; a toad is a brake wagon; a macaw is a wagon used for carrying railway lines, and a seal is a car-carrying truck. — M. S., Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

The Gay Deceiver

A SCARECROW in our village is a constant source of amusement to residents and passers-by, because it is remodelled regularly. It started life much like any other scarecrow; then a smiling, lifelike mask was added, complete with a cap, perched at a jaunty angle. Since then it has been a city businessman, with umbrella up when raining; a Mrs. Mop with dustcap, apron and broom; a dainty miss in summer dress and parasol; a bathing belle and a policeman.—MRS. O. TURNBULL, Chapel Lane, Lambley, Nottingham.

Waiting-room Cure

MOST of us have suffered the irritation and boredom of sitting in a crowded surgery waiting room, trying to remember who is next to see the doctor. For the patients of two enterprising doctors here, such an ordeal is no longer necessary. Patients are seen by appointment. When I called at the surgery recently, I was asked to return in fifty minutes. I was able to do my shopping, knowing that when I went back to the doctor's I should not have very long to wait. I took my place with three others in the waiting room, my name was called over a loudspeaker, and within ten minutes I was on my way home. — CONSTANCE GRANT, Whickham Avenue, Dunston-on-Tyne.

Old Wives' Wisdom

SUPERSTITION dies hard not only in Cornwall ("Free Speech," July 3) but also in country districts of the north. Many old wives' cures still persist, and great faith is placed in the value of nettles. They are used to make beer and puddings; a brew of their seeds is rated an excellent cure for warts; flogging the back with a bunch of nettles is an old remedy for lumbago or gout, and they are often used for ripening cheeses. There is an old rhyme which says: "If they would drink nettles in March and eat ragwort in May, So many maidens would not go to clay."—MRS. J. WALTON, Stone Edge View, Blacko, Nelson, Lancashire.

Nettles contain formic acid, which is used, diluted, in the treatment of rheumatic pains. Formic acid was introduced into medicine because it is found in energetic insects like ants. It was thought that it might give more energy to humans.

Struck Dumb

THE story of the nice girl who sometimes used bad language ("Free Speech," June 19) reminded me of an incident involving Sir William Macewen, the surgeon, who had a strong sense of chivalry and personal dignity. He was once sitting in a railway carriage with two women when a drunken man entered and began to swear. Sir William stretched his long arms across the carriage, placed two thumbs inside the drunken man's mouth, and dislocated his jaw. The man sat silent for the rest of the journey, his mouth hanging open. When the terminus was reached, Sir William performed an equally skilled surgical manoeuvre, and remedied the dislocation.—HARVEY DAY, Mentone Mansions, London, S.W.10.

Side By Side

READING of the Glosters' heroic stand against the Communists in Korea ("The Edge Of The Sword") recalled the time when some Russians fought alongside the Glosters.

I was in the R.A.F., stationed at Mingaladon, Burma, and the Glosters were in barracks a few hundred yards from our airfield. About fifteen Russian civilians in Burma volunteered and were accepted for service in the Glosters, and I understand they did extremely well.

Later, in India, I met some of them. They seemed to be on very friendly terms with our lads and, except in political debates, I never saw any friction between them.—ALBERT E. FISHER, Walton Avenue, Penwortham, Preston, Lancashire.

In "Cap Of Honour, the Story of the Gloucestershire Regiment," there is a reference to a number of White

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BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Missionary among the cannibals

A French explorer tells of his remarkable adventures in unknown New Guinea

Full details on page 14

Russians joining the Glosters in Burma in March, 1942. The final instalment of "The Edge Of The Sword" begins on page 15.

A Dog's Life

HERE in Switzerland, some cinemas allow people to take their dogs to the films. I have often seen dogs showing an apparent interest in the programme. I wonder if they can see anything more than a mere flickering on the wall.—JOAN AEBI, Bachtobelstrasse, Zürich, Switzerland.

Some animal lovers tend to attribute to a dog powers of intelligence which are somewhat exaggerated, says the British Veterinary Association. A dog would recognize familiar objects on the screen, but its interest would be held by their movement rather than by any comprehension of the film.

Honeymoon Hint

YOUNG couples could take a leaf from our book when trying to keep a railway carriage to themselves (JOHN BULL cover, June 19). On our honeymoon we sprinkled confetti the length

of the corridor and leading into our compartment. Boarding passengers always gave us a miss.—D. THOMPSON, Newlands Avenue, Sunderland.

Man-size Boys

CHILDREN today are said to be taller and heavier, yet clothing manufacturers seem to have disregarded this change. In buying boys' wear we often find that the maximum sizes are too small, and the only clothes that will fit are styled for men.—K. MEASURES, Narborough, Leicester.

New standard sizes have been agreed upon by the manufacturers of girls' and women's wear, says the British Standards Institution. There are no standard sizes for boys' or men's clothing.

Can We Beat It ?

WE are justly proud of some of the fine scenery in Britain, but I wonder if there is anywhere quite so inspiring as the view shown in the photograph which my wife brought back from

India. The train has just left Darjeeling, and in the background stands Mount Kangchenjunga and the Himalayas. To help the train to climb steep gradients, two men sit on the front buffers and drop sand on the rails to give the wheels a grip.—A. H. BROWN, Moortown, Leeds.

In British locomotives, sand is blown automatically on to the rails to help wheels to grip when pulling hard. Mount Kangchenjunga, at 28,146 feet, is the third highest in the world.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

Hovis keeps her happy

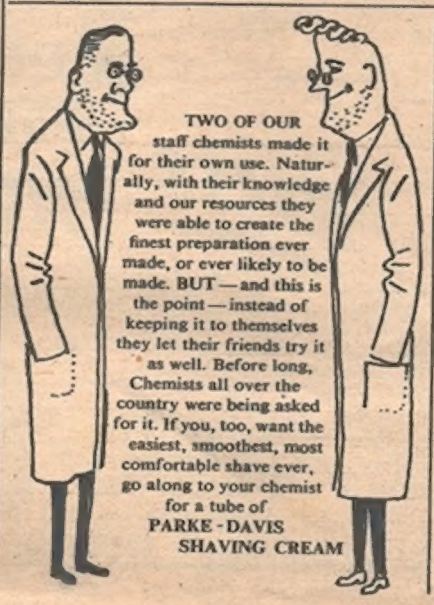
Could you tell her why?

KEEPING pace with Susan is more than keeping pace with her appetite and her ability to grow out of clothes. It's also keeping pace with her questions. Happily when it comes to her staple food, mother knows all the answers.

Mother knows Hovis is really nourishing because it's wheatgerm bread. Wheatgerm is the part of wheat that contains most goodness and flavour. Since Hovis has between 8 and 9 times more wheatgerm even than wholemeal bread, it's important to see that all the family have some Hovis—and have some every day.

Many bakers supply Hovis already sliced and wrapped. Look out for it in the shops.

Have some Hovis every day



TWO OF OUR staff chemists made it for their own use. Naturally, with their knowledge and our resources they were able to create the finest preparation ever made, or ever likely to be made. BUT—and this is the point—instead of keeping it to themselves they let their friends try it as well. Before long, Chemists all over the country were being asked for it. If you, too, want the easiest, smoothest, most comfortable shave ever, go along to your chemist for a tube of PARKE-DAVIS SHAVING CREAM

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Do you suffer from

Exhaustipation?

IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

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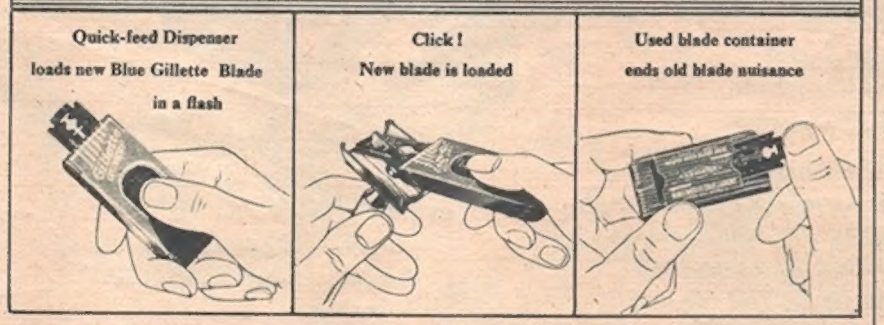

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UNPLEASANT household smells can be made to vanish—quickly and completely—when you use Air-wick. Air-wick kills smells with "odour-pairers."

Almost every unpleasant household smell has a "pair," another smell that cancels it out. For instance, camphor and Eau de Cologne destroy each other, and paraffin and beeswax.

Air-wick works on this same principle.* It contains chlorophyll and more than 125 natural compounds. Singly and together, these "odour-pairers" kill almost every nasty household smell. Air-wick really *destroys* smells; it doesn't just cover them up with another smell.

Make sure your home is always fresh and pleasant. Use Air-wick regularly. But be sure it's Air-wick you buy. Don't accept cheap imitations, for only Air-wick contains chlorophyll and more than 125 natural compounds. Air-wick costs 3/6 at chemists, grocers, ironmongers and household stores.

* First established by Zwaardemaker in 1895

Air-wick kills even the nastiest smells, like those of cooking cabbage, frying fish, pets, laundry, and tobacco fug. Air-wick is not a disinfectant. It doesn't just cover up one smell with another; it kills smells utterly.

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Before I had time to think, the dark shape of the tiger shark came hurtling towards me, hungry for the kill. I swung the gun round blindly

DUEL IN THE SEA

by JOHN KRUSE

I didn't mind sharks: I was used to them. But this was murder

I DIDN'T ACTUALLY HEAR the frogs stop yawping, but when I jerked awake there wasn't a sound anywhere except for the sea. I eased up on one elbow and listened. Up coast it would have meant leopard, but here outside Colombo it was more likely a pariah nosing around, or a couple from the hotel strolling along the sand.

I leaned back on the fishing nets which, but for the corks, would have made a good bed, and waited for the frogs to begin again. The tide was out; through the open door of the hut I could see the black curve of it well out in the bay. On the headland beyond, the big hotel still had its lights on, though it must have been two o'clock.

I waited, but there was no one down on the beach, only the hotel lights in the surf. I could hear the undertow plainly, like someone dragging a tarpaulin up a drive. But the frogs didn't make a sound. I didn't like it much, and I was just going to get up when I felt more than heard someone brush against the outside of the hut.

The faint light coming in on to the floor from the night sky darkened slightly. I knew at once that someone was at the doorway. I thought of my sponging knife, but it was in my pack.

Very slowly, a dark shape began to insert itself between me and the lights of the hotel. From the darkness of it, I could tell it was a native. I saw his sarong against the lighter sand, caught up and tucked into his belt to free his legs. In his hand something glinted—a knife.

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD FORSTER

I took him then, before he could see properly, jumping up and diving at him. He heard me move and stamped the ground like a jackrabbit and ran. He made three steps down the beach before I hit his shoulders with my chest; then we were struggling in the sand.

He was small boned and sinewy, like all Sinhalese. I caught a whiff of betel nut. He twisted like a snake. I tried to get a grip on him, but he contorted, rolled sideways from under me, was up on his feet and away, dodging between the coconut palms.

I walked back to the hut. In the doorway, I

"I LEARNED TO STAY ALIVE"

JOHN KRUSE, thirty-five year old author of *Duel In The Sea*, is himself an expert underwater fisherman. The man who taught him was "a magnificent young German," Gerd von Dinklage, whom he met four years ago in Ceylon.

During the day, the German took him underwater and showed him how to use the harpoon gun. "At night, we would sit out under the stars and he would describe the strange sights he had seen among the coral reefs, and the things a man must learn to stay alive under the sea."

Fascinated, Kruse listened and learned—and later used his knowledge with brilliant success in his stories.

Educated at Harrow, an infantry captain during the war, he has had a number of jobs: labourer, lorry driver, street photographer and, finally, film cameraman.

It was as a cameraman that he went to Ceylon in 1950 (to film *Outcast Of The Islands*) and, this year, to Madeira. John Huston, the American director, wanted shots of the old-fashioned method of killing the sperm whale for his film of *Moby Dick*.

It was exciting—and dangerous—work. Kruse and his camera travelled in a small boat from which the whale was harpooned. When the harpoon struck, the whale raced away at speed—dragging the boat, with Kruse and his camera, behind it.

Today he is still travelling the world with his movie camera, and gathering new material for the stories he writes between films.

found his knife It was an ordinary steel blade with hemp twisted around it for a handle. I smelled it. Fish. So the fishermen were after me!

Up coast in Puttalam I had had trouble with them. In Mullaittivu, someone had dropped a cobra in on me while I slept; but that was after a hurricane had driven all the big fish out deep and put the prices up in the market. But at Batticaloa and Komariva and at Galle they hadn't bothered me. They thought I was mad, but I think they respected a man who hunted fish underwater, bringing in shark alone. But down here, where demand always exceeded supply and the reefs were ablaze with fish, trying to kill me didn't make sense.

I HAD been in Colombo four days and pulled in a hundred pounds of fish a day, which was as much as I could tow behind me swimming. It was a flea in a dog's ear to them. But I remembered then the scattering of red coolies I had seen loading the Maldivian schooners in the docks. Resentment against the whites was being stirred up systematically among the politically unrepresented working class. It wasn't so hard to see why they should pick on a Westerner—a Westerner who made his living by fishing, which was traditionally the occupation of the lowest caste.

It was a lot of eyewash and it made me mad. I went into the hut and slung the knife down where Reuben would find it. Reuben was the old native who owned the shack. He hired out fishing gear and surfboards and water-skis to tourists.

It was three hours to dawn, so I got back on to my pile of nets and pulled a blanket over me because it had turned cooler. Let 'em come, I thought.

But presently the frogs started their noise again. I relaxed a bit. Frogs reminded me of the lake at home, and I lay for a while listening to them and thinking how I had got here.

Our trooper had put in at Colombo during '43 and stayed there a few weeks to weld a bow-plate, and I had met a man who speared fish. He said he was a Swede, but I guessed he was a burgher, which is half-native, because his hands were narrow like a girl's. I went fishing with him a couple of times and never had such fun in my life.

After the war, I couldn't settle at home. All the time there was the Swede at the back of my mind, and the wonderful new life that he had shown me.

I went back to Ceylon, but I never did find the Swede. I heard about him in several different places, though. I was told that he had been drowned near where I was now, but no one knew for sure because he came and went with the fish. When a shoal he was working moved on, he moved with it. He never drowned though, any more than an otter would.

I bought a spear gun and started alone. There are no books, and there were things he hadn't told me.

I lost the forefinger of my left hand to a twelve-foot moray eel in the big corral reef of Trinco. Later, I nearly drowned from a hellish stomach convulsion when hunting deep. But I learned about sharks before they learned about me. That was the main thing.

I stretched out. The frogs still croaked. Where would it all end? I didn't know. It had got me—that was all. No man who has hunted under the sea and carried the spoils to market himself and held out over the price, going hungry when the seas were high and living like a king when the hot waters creamed over the summer reefs, flashing with fish, can ever go back to being a garage mechanic, or mow the lawn in the evening, or get up to the baby at night.

I awoke to find the sun's red eye level with the sea. It made ribs of orange on the tide, which was sliding in a flat curve up the beach. I got up and went outside. The beach was deserted but for a few skeleton-like dogs hunting for stranded fish. Along by the hotel I could see the ochre sail of a single fishing outrigger, or *nanu*, drawn up on the beach. There were no signs of life near it. The other outriggers had been out all night. I counted half a dozen sails lying about two miles out.

The scene looked peaceful and the sky promised to last the tide, at least. I went down and took a plunge.

WHEN I got back, Reuben had arrived. He was leaning the surfboards against the wall of the hut. They were the short kind, and on them was written: CLUB BEACH. There was no club that I knew of, but it was Reuben's idea. He wore his hair in the traditional bun, and from the back, in his sarong, he looked like a fat old woman.

"*Aubowan*," I greeted him.

"*Aubowan*, Mister Gardner," Reuben replied thickly, and I knew he'd been on the cocaine.

I told him what had happened. He listened dully, then shrugged.

"They're all mad," he said. "And you're mad, too, to take their fish. They will kill you like they did the Swede."

"You think they killed him?"

"I think what I think. They could have. What will you do?"

"Do? Nothing. I can look after myself."

Reuben spat betel nut and showed his red-stained teeth. "So could the Swede."

He went into the hut and came out with two king coconuts and his machete.

We squatted down in silence and drank the oily milk and watched the sun creep up above the sea. Presently it got too strong for Reuben's eyes and he went back inside.

I stayed there with my thoughts until the sun got high enough to penetrate the water. Then I went in for my gear. Reuben was sitting on the nets, puffing a reefer. He avoided my eye.

"Going out?" he asked.

"Sure. Why not?"

"They'll kill you."

"And you'll kill yourself. Why don't you leave those things alone?"

He grunted and pretended not to watch me cock the heavy spring of the gun. I checked the harpoon flopper head and thirty-foot steel line. As the gun was only accurate up to fifteen feet, I kept the other fifteen in reserve with a check cord knotted round the butt. I tested the knot, then got out a two-foot spike from my pack and fitted it on to the muzzle of the gun.

Reuben's curiosity got the better of him. "What's that?" he wanted to know.

"A bayonet. For shark, mostly. To stop them getting too close when you're playing them."

I coiled a length of strong cord round my waist, strapped cn a knife, pulled the mask up on to my thigh, garter-fashion, and picked up my rubber fins.

THE water was fresh but not cold, and I took it steady to the reef, which was about two miles out. I didn't put the mask on until I was nearly there, so as to keep a sharp lookout all round. The fishing outrigger by the hotel put to sea shortly after I started, but what breeze there was was blowing inshore, and the boat lay well back, not making much headway.

I unhooked the gun from the back of my belt and dived to get my position. The naked sunlight died to liquid green fire. I was in about three fathoms of water above a desert of yellow sand dunes, poised at the crest like waves perpetually about to break.

Moorish idols, like wooden butterflies, drifted about me, fluttering their threadlike fins. Near the bottom a slinky grouper was stalking a herd of gold, black and silver zebras. I couldn't have got near him in the open, so I kept going, nearly bumping into a small lion fish. He spread his scaly wings, confronting me with arched back and red, white and black fieriness. When I kept on into him, he remembered that bit about discretion and swooped off.

I swam on towards the reef, watching the undulations of the desert beneath me. The sand was spangled with spiky and fingered conches, cowrie shells and tall-in-the-sand razor mussels. There were giant clams among the dunes, with their green and gold mantles spread invitingly, only the gaping evil of their mouths giving them away.

Presently the sea bed took on a covering of velvet-gold moss. A skate came off it like a big lunar moth and fluttered away. I went down after it, but it was too fast for me, melting into the blue distance like a shadow. I surfaced and dived again. Another skate came off the moss, then a ray, then another skate, another and another. They took off in flocks, like crows coming off grain, flapping and wheeling.

I threw my legs forward to get the gun up, but I was too slow. They had levelled off and, with their flatness, were too hard to hit. It

wasn't worth the effort of reloading, so I came up and took a breather.

The sun was getting hot. This was the life! I could barely see the tops of the palm trees now. The outrigger was closer, to the south of me. It seemed hardly to be moving.

I kept going for the reef, keeping a sharp watch now for the shark.

It was an underwater reef. From the top there was nothing, but coming on it from below was always a stupendous sight. It loomed up in the half-light, big as the whole world, no doubt the upthrust of some forgotten violence. It was split with black fissures and caverns which would have been suicide to enter.

I dived and hunted deep among the ravines, the blood creaking in my ears like splitting ice. The place was brilliant with fish. Tangs and surgeon with their scalpel-like tails darted about like flights of swallows. Squirrel-fish peered at me wide-eyed from their crevices. From every eave and shelf antennae sounded the water for danger. Octopuses, their tentacles hidden, lay tamped under rocks like thumbed putty. Darts and bonitos streaked about like planes caught by sunlight.

I remembered how, on my first day here, I had seen a fine sight. Suddenly, out of nowhere, smashing the water with vast hovering wings, an eagle ray had appeared, paused and, gathering speed with beating pinions, vanished into the gloom. It was so quick and awful it had shocked me.

I had been shocked once before, in my learning days. I got caught with my gun unloaded in the open by a crocodile-jawed pencil of silver which drew tense circles round me. It was a barracuda, wondering just what the hell I was. When he was satisfied, he sheared off; but big fish are good for reminding you that no matter how good you may get, your proportions are still very unheroic.

I chased some black mullet along the side of the escarpment, but they got away from me into a thicket of ribbon-weed. The thicket was deep. I tried to go down after them, but it hurt my ears, so I dislodged a boulder and watched it tumble down in slow motion, the weeds licking around it, finally wrapping it to a standstill. The mullet didn't come out, but a big thirty-pound green and blue parrot did. It made for a ravine and I beat off after it with my fins, gaining height as I went so I could take in some air.

Of all the parrots, and there are several, the green and blue are hardest to hunt. Their colour is such that against certain backgrounds they disappear entirely. This one headed for the reef's north end, where the coral forests are.

I missed him several times, but picked him up again. He weaved in and out of the labyrinthine passages, around coral outcrops as massive as hewn marble, through orchards of petrified cherry blossom. In the creaking silence we twisted and floated through gloomy corridors, up towering urns of rust and verdigris, as though through the ruins of some decayed and festooned Versailles. I forgot everything in the chase, breaking the surface like a porpoise gulping air and diving, staying down three and four minutes at a time. It was the greatest game on earth.

It lasted, perhaps, half an hour. Where I got him it was like a stags' burial ground, with coral branches sprouting like antlers from what looked like thousands of white skulls. He turned too sharply to avoid a boulder, exposing his side, and I shot him.

I played him until he drowned, and then I

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Luckily, I was awake. The light coming through the doorway dimmed and I made out the shape of a man. Something glinted in his hand—a knife

George Wigg hoists the pirate flag in Parliament

by JOHN ENNIS

He's a rebel who peppers friend and foe alike. "My future," he says, "is on the back benches—under the skull and crossbones"

WHEN HE SAW that a Conservative back-bencher had put down a prayer in the Commons to annul an order, George Wigg, M.P., whom a friend once called "a poet of anger," was angry. The order allowed increased imports of cut glass, and Wigg wanted to be associated with the prayer—his constituency contains many glass-workers whose jobs had been affected by the imports. He had understood from correspondence with the Conservative, Sir Hugh Linstead, that the two of them would be putting it forward together. When Linstead did it alone, Wigg began planning his revenge.

The prayer was due to be discussed at eleven in the evening of November 11, 1953. Knowing that such a dull, routine matter would not keep many M.P.s in the House, Wigg decided to lull government supporters into believing that there were so few Labour members about that it would be safe to snatch an early night.

He arranged for forty Labour M.P.s to attend a party at the home of a friend who lives near the Palace of Westminster. At 10.50 Wigg walked through room after room in the Commons, persuading each colleague he met to put on his coat, saunter round Parliament Square, and return. He grinned as he saw one Tory after another soon rise and start for home.

Just before eleven o'clock, the men from the party began arriving, followed by those who had been for a stroll. They arrived in time for a division on the prayer that Sir Hugh had vainly tried, at the last minute, to withdraw. By 145 votes to 141, the government was dealt its only defeat in the present Parliament.

From a seat on the back benches, George Edward Cecil Wigg, Labour M.P. for Dudley and Stourbridge, has shown so much ingenuity in planning campaigns to harass his political opponents that his activities are now known at Westminster as "Wiggery-pokery." In November, 1952, he held up discussion on the Steel Bill by having the House "counted out" when he discovered that there were fewer than forty government supporters in the building.

Since then he has often wandered around the corridors, ostentatiously counting Conservatives. "It wears them down. Tories have told me that their Whips have brought them out of bed because of me." Wigg, who served for eighteen years in the ranks of the regular army, confesses: "There is a bit of the old soldier in all this." He prepares his Parliamentary operations on military lines. "First I make an appreciation of the situation, then I formulate a plan."

When he entered Parliament in 1945, Wigg shared a flat in Holborn with two other Labour M.P.s, Stephen Swingler and Harold Davies. The other two remember that Wigg's room was neat and starkly military. One frosty day the pipes burst, flooding the bathroom. Wigg arranged an attack on the water with mops and buckets. Swingler and Davies noticed that they were doing all the mopping. "What are *you* doing?" they asked Wigg.

"I'm organizing you," he told them.

Though he often appears to handle his friends as a sergeant handles recruits, few feel resentful. "He is a superb organizer," says Swingler. "If I were in a sinking boat I should want George to be there to organize the rescue." Another friend, Sydney Elliott, editor of the *Daily Herald*, says, "George is a busybody who doesn't mind being a nobody. He has more interest in achievement than in getting the credit."

Richard Reader Harris, the Conservative M.P. who, in a broadcast, first spoke publicly of "Wiggery-pokery," has said, "If the Opposition gets up to any tricks, it is usually Wigg who engineers them." Wigg says, "People go around the Commons eating out their hearts, hoping for promotion. All I want is to get things done. That is the secret of happiness in politics."

Played Mischievous Prank

He enjoys the intrigue necessary for pulling off a piece of "Wiggery-pokery." Sometimes he uses his organizing powers to play a mischievous prank. Three years ago a weekly newspaper asked every Conservative M.P. to say anonymously whether his party would be more likely to win an election with Winston Churchill as leader, or without him. The M.P.s were asked to put a tick beside one of two questions on a card.

Wigg thought this was an unfair attack on the leader of his political enemies, and decided that it should be sabotaged. He obtained one of the cards and had two hundred copies made. He posted 139 to the newspaper, eighty-three for Churchill and fifty-six against. When he heard that the newspaper had reported his hoax to the police, Wigg phoned Scotland Yard and confessed. "They could do nothing," he says. "I hadn't made any money out of it—in fact, the cards and stamps cost me thirty shillings."

Usually, however, Wigg's powers of organization are aimed at more important ends.

When he was a corporal in the 1920s he was urged by a junior officer to try for a commission. He did so, and was informed that the cadet scheme he hoped to enter was only a backdoor method of giving commissions to officers' sons unable to pass the Sandhurst entrance examination. The officer who had befriended him was reprimanded. While Wigg admits that such things do not happen now, this and other experiences of injustice in the ranks convinced him that there was much in the army that needed reform.

On arrival at the Houses of Parliament, George two M.P. friends, Stephen Swingler and Harold

Two years ago, Wigg formed a team of M.P.s and spent days examining Queen's Regulations. To legalize the army, Parliament must pass an Army Act every year. By the time the 1952 Army Bill was introduced, Wigg and his friends had put down more than two hundred amendments. To discuss each one would have wrecked the government's timetable: and during the time the discussion would have taken, the army would have been an illegal organization.

The government had only one way out—Wigg's way. A select committee was set up to inquire into the Army Act. Wigg, who withdrew his amendments, is a member of the committee. Its final report is expected this summer.

Though happiest when controlling a plan in which many people each play a small part, Wigg brought off his most ingenious "Wiggery-pokery" almost unaided. After Dudley Corporation had spent thousands of pounds having a Private Bill passed in Parliament, Wigg decided that the procedure for dealing with Private Bills was too costly and unwieldy.

"I knew that if I put down a motion demanding an inquiry, the motion would never be called," he says. "Governments respond only to pressure." He began to put on the pressure.

When thirty-four Private Bills were presented last February for their Second Reading, Wigg shouted "Object" to each. His action meant each had to be debated, and again the government faced a dislocated timetable.

A week later, the first of the Bills came up for debate. It aimed at varying the conditions of a trust at a college for adult education. Wigg moved that the Bill should be amended in such a way that the college would have to provide lectures on how the House of Commons deals with Private Bills—and ended an hour-long speech by demanding an inquiry into Private Bills procedure. Then he withdrew his

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Wigg—who spends nearly all his time in the Commons—is met by Davies (right). Wigg's secretary, Dorothy Golding, looks on

As a change from the intrigues of politics, Wigg (third from left) enjoys a game of dominoes with friends in the Dudley Labour Club, during a visit to his constituency

amendment. The government set up the inquiry, and Wigg let the other Bills go through without debate.

Wigg, a tall man with a bony face, prominent ears, a military haircut and an athletic frame that has only recently begun to thicken at the waist, was born in Ealing in 1900. At seventeen he lied about his age and joined the Tank Corps. Albert Smith, now a London bus driver, was in the same unit and remembers Wigg at the age of twenty.

"He knew King's Regulations inside out," says Smith, "and he could make a pack of cards talk." Smith recalls seeing Wigg playing solo whist in a barrack hut. "With him were three rough characters—passing signals to one another, trying to cheat him. He didn't seem to notice, but he won anyway."

Early in his army career, Wigg attended a lecture held by the Workers' Educational Association. He began spending his leaves at W.E.A. schools. Some were at Oxford, and he became friendly with the late A. D. Lindsay (the first Baron Lindsay of Birker), Master of Balliol. Today he says his organizing ability is due to ideas he absorbed from Lindsay.

Wealthier Boys Taunted Him

After service abroad, in 1931 Wigg was posted to Canterbury. In his spare time he revitalized the local W.E.A. "He is probably the only man who laid the foundations of a political career while in the ranks," says a friend.

In the days when scholarship boys were rare, Wigg had won his way to a grammar school. On his first day the headmaster pointed to Wigg and told the fee-paying scholars: "Your parents are paying for this boy's education."

When Wigg's parents were unable to buy the books he needed, the headmaster threatened to ask for the withdrawal of the scholarship. His mother took in lodgers to help the family finances, and the wealthier boys taunted him about this. "I used to belt them," says Wigg. "Their parents wrote to the headmaster, and he belted me. Then I belted them again."

At fourteen and a half he gave up the struggle and went to work in a factory. "I don't altogether regret it," Wigg says today. "It turned me into a rebel. It made me aware that I had missed something, and I have spent my life trying to make up for it."

He left the army with the rank of staff sergeant in 1937 to become part-time organizer to the W.E.A. in North Staffordshire for £2 18s. 9d. a week. Dr. Barnet Stross, M.P., says: "The W.E.A. there was nothing to boast about when he came. In a couple of years he made it the most go-ahead branch in the country."

During the second World War, Wigg was commissioned in the Army Education Corps. He rose to the rank of colonel. Recently, he told a reporter who had printed his rank as lieutenant-colonel, "I want to be known as George. But if you do use my rank, get it right—I was a full colonel." Today he says, "I don't want to be known as a Colonel Blimp. After all, I only get an n.c.o.'s pension."

In his brusque manner he shrugs off all military honours. But he points out that he is the first Member of Parliament to hold the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal—"for eighteen years' undetected crime. I didn't bother to collect my war medals, but I made sure I got that one. There was a £5 bounty with it. I'll sell the medal to anybody for half a crown."

Though he spends most of his time thinking of ways to frustrate the Conservatives, Wigg confesses to liking some of his opponents. "I even like the kind of man who hits above the belt only by accident—so long as he doesn't whine when he gets one back." His friends think he is sometimes too ruthless. Noel Fish, who served with him in the army and was later practically forced by Wigg to take up an Oxford scholarship, recalls a visit to a music hall before the war. "The comedian was not very funny. George went into a call-box afterwards, phoned him and told him just how bad he was."

Recently, when a chief constable refused his request for accident figures on a stretch of road in Stoke-on-Trent, where he lives with his wife and three daughters, Wigg told the story to a newspaper columnist, who lampooned the chief constable. "If George is out to get you, though, he at least gives warning," says a fellow M.P. "He tells you: 'I'm gunning for you.'"

His colleagues insist that Wigg has a soft, sentimental core. "He has a tough-guy pose," says one. "To get anything out of him, all you have to do is to cry."

Wigg remains independent of both Right and Left wing groups in the Labour Party. "He criticizes Morrison, Gaitskell, Shinwell and Bevan," says Swingler. When Labour was in power, Wigg was Parliamentary Private Secretary (an unpaid job) to Emanuel Shinwell, who says: "I was his Sancho Panza, restraining this idealistic Don Quixote from tilting at windmills." Wigg was intensely loyal to Shinwell, even when Shinwell was demoted from Cabinet rank. "That was the time for an ambitious junior to leave," says Stross. "But Wigg did everything to persuade Shinwell to accept the War Office—a non-Cabinet job—and stuck by him."

He Made Government M.P.s Run

Wigg is spoken of by many M.P.s as a future Chief Whip. He has no such ambition. "All my instincts are for concerted action," he says, "but the Labour Party believes in concerted action only in a crisis. No, my future is on the back benches, under the skull and crossbones."

On the eve of Derby Day, Wigg wore his piratical smile as he strode from the debating chamber to meet a visitor in the central lobby of the House of Commons. Bells were jangling and policemen were shouting "Count!" Conservatives, some of them past their running days, were pounding along corridors to make sure that forty of them were in the chamber within three minutes of the demand for a count.

Knowing Wigg's reputation, the visitor asked: "Was this your doing?" Wigg admitted it was he who had called for the count.

"There's an important Tory Party meeting going on upstairs. I just thought I'd break it up. After all," he added, "if the horses can run a mile and a half tomorrow, those blighters can run a hundred yards tonight." THE END

Gino, we love you!

by ***PHILIP MACKIE***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

His family thought he was wonderful—and so did Anna Maria. They must never find him out

ANTONIO GALLO, the purser, said: "Twenty weeks' pay. Minus the necessary deductions. And minus the small sums you have already drawn. Eighty-two thousand and three hundred lire." He pushed a fat envelope across the table. "Sign here."

Gino wiped his hand on his greasy dungarees, took the pen and wrote, slowly and with great concentration: *Costantini, Gino.*

"You are going to sign on for the next trip, Costantini?"

"*Si, signore.*" Gino smiled happily. "But first I am going to visit my family at Chiusano. It's more than two years since I saw them last."

"Be back before midnight on Thursday, then. Next man, forward!"

Gino left the ship with Vittorio, one of the other greasers.

"You are staying in Naples, Gino?"

"No. I'm going to Chiusano."

"Then give my salutations to old Mastrocinque. He's a cousin of my mother. Eh, Gino, let's have a glass of wine at the tavern, and I'll write him a little lefter. I haven't written to him since I was a boy, and it would be a fine surprise for him."

"No, no," Gino said hastily. "I am in too great a hurry. I'll tell him all the news."

"Have a good journey, then. *Ciao*, Gino."

"*Ciao*, Vittorio." Gino slung his kitbag over his shoulder and walked on quickly towards the dock gates.

It took him twenty minutes to find the place he wanted: a little tailor's shop, with a dozen suits of clothes hanging outside. He walked in and accosted the shopkeeper. "Good day, old man. I should like to look at some suits."

The tailor cocked an eye at Gino's threadbare blue jacket. "Something in the style that you are wearing now?"

"Like this? *Dio mio*, no!" Gino contemptuously plucked at a patch on his elbow. "A suit of clothes that might be worn ashore by, let us say, a second engineer."

The tailor peered disbelievingly at him. "You—a second engineer?"

"Whether I am a second engineer or not, the question is not important. Let me see that azure blue suit with the white stripes."

"It is fit for the captain of an ocean liner," the old man said proudly. "Try it on."

The azure suit fitted Gino almost perfectly. He admired himself in the long mirror. His shoes were good, his shirt was white and clean. With the suit on, he looked like a millionaire.

"The suit is not too bad. How much does it cost?"

"Fifteen thousand lire."

"*Ahi!*" Gino said, raising his eyebrows. "How much would it cost to hire it for three days?"

"Do not joke. My suits are not for hire."

"You are losing a chance of profit, old man. And I swear I will bring it back to you Thursday evening, exactly as it is now."

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish. Pay me the fifteen thousand, and if you bring the suit back good as new I will repay you twelve thousand five hundred."

"I'll give you two thousand five hundred and a better guarantee than money—my passport and my seaman's papers."

The bargain was made. The tailor folded the suit and wrapped it in newspaper, and Gino laid it very carefully inside the top of his kitbag.

Gino had other uses for his money. He had to buy presents for his family—expensive presents, the kind that would make them continue to believe he was very important and well-paid.

For his parents, a radio set. His father had written to say that the *luce electtrica* had been installed in Chiusano, and everyone was very envious of the mayor because he had bought a radio. Well, Gino's father would now be the equal of the mayor.

For Enzo, his elder brother, a handsome leather wallet. Even if Enzo had only a few lire in it, the wallet would be impressive evidence of his wealth. For Daniela and Lucia, his younger sisters, two big pearl necklaces that looked exactly like real ones.

WITH his bag over his shoulder, and the radio under his arm, Gino scrambled on to a tram that took him to the edges of the city, where the suburbs gave way to olive orchards.

He was in luck: it was the time of the chestnut harvest, the lorries were coming down to Naples with their loads for shipment and returning empty to the valleys of Avellino. The very first lorry he stopped was bound for Atripalda, only five miles short of Chiusano. He settled himself comfortably in the back, with his kitbag under his head, and stared at the mild blue sky, and counted the kilometres.

The lorry stopped at the far side of Atripalda, and Gino jumped out.

"*Mille grazie.* How much do I owe you?"

The driver grinned. "A foreign cigarette, if you have one. If not, it doesn't matter."

Gino produced a crumpled pack of Camels, and they puffed away together.

"If you can wait an hour, there is a bus which goes along the national road. Then you'll have only a kilometre or so to walk."

"I am in a hurry," Gino said, and stepped out along the winding road.

At each bend, he stopped and scanned the road ahead. He did not want to meet anyone from Chiusano, not yet awhile. But again the time of the year was a help to him: the road was empty, everyone was up on the hillsides, gathering in the last chestnuts, or at work in the village square, sorting them into bags.

Gino took Anna Maria by the waist and led her

A few hundred yards short of the turning for Chiusano, he turned off into a field, and found a hidden place under cover of a stone wall. Here he changed into the beautiful azure suit. Rolling up his threadbare jacket and grease-stained trousers, he thrust the bundle into a hole at the foot of the wall, and piled up stones to hide it and to mark the spot. Then, with a jaunty step, he set off up the hill to Chiusano.

The first person he saw as he entered the village was Daniela, with her apron full of chestnuts. She threw up her hands, the chestnuts rolling in all directions, and she ran back into the square crying, "Mamma! Mamma! It's Gino! Gino's come back!" And then, in a trice, half the village was around him, embracing him and shaking his hand.

"My son! My son!" his mother cried, kissing his cheeks again and again. "What a marvel! What a miracle to see you again!"

His father said soberly: "Blessed be the saints for bringing him safely home."

Old Mastrocinque said: "And such a handsome man, eh? Look at his beautiful new

triumphantly back into the dance. Everybody looked at them, and shouted jokes, but Gino didn't care. Tonight, he felt rich and proud and happy

clothes! He is the most elegant man in the world!"

Gino said modestly: "Of course, now that I am a second engineer——"

"Of course!" they all said, delightedly. "He is a second engineer now!"

"He is a phenomenon of nature," his mother said proudly. "My son, my beautiful big son!"

Lucia said cheekily: "Have you brought us some presents, Gino? What's in the big box?"

"Do not speak to your big brother like that," the mother said, giving her a casual smack on the cheek. "He will tell us, when he thinks the time is ripe."

"I will tell you now." Gino's eyes sparkled. "It's a radio, a new one. I bought it for you in Naples. Look! Look, all of you!"

He shifted the radio out of its box, and held it up for all to see. They fell into a silence of admiration and wonder.

"You will be able to listen to music, and the news, and the football——"

"How much did it cost, Gino?" His father asked doubtfully.

"More than thirty thousand lire."

They gasped with astonishment, and Mastrocinque gave a loud laugh. "You must show it to the mayor, Costantini! It's bigger than his!"

"Let's take it to the house and play some music!" Daniela cried, clapping her hands.

"At least let us go to the house and give the boy some food," Gino's mother said. "He must be dying of hunger after his long journey."

"Agreed," Gino said carelessly. "Though I made a good lunch at a hotel in Naples."

His parents gazed at each other in wonder and pride. "A hotel! He eats at hotels now!"

Mastrocinque joked. "You'll see, soon he'll be too proud to travel in a bus with ordinary people! Did you come in the bus today, Gino?"

Gino hesitated for a moment. "No. A friend gave me a lift in his car."

Gino's mother said lovingly: "He will not be too proud to eat some good *pasta* and drink red wine."

By common consent, all work was ended for the day. They went to the house, and Gino brought out his other presents, the necklaces for Lucia and Daniela and the wallet for Enzo, who had still to come in from the fields. Then the womenfolk set about preparing a meal while Gino showed his father how to make the radio produce music or news or people talking in foreign languages.

"Now you do it, Father—turn the knobs yourself."

"*Mamma mia!*" his father said, looking fearfully at the radio. "It is clear that you are an expert in technical matters. As for me, I'm nothing but an old countryman. . . There's no danger of electric shocks?"

"None at all. Courage!"

The music blared out at full strength, and they opened the window, so that everybody in Chiusano could know that the Costantinis had a wonderful new radio, and so that everybody could share their pleasure.

Enzo came in and embraced his brother, and stared in rapture at the wallet, turning it over and over in his hands, exploring every one of its folds and pockets. "I shall carry it on Sundays," he said proudly.

They sat down to a feast of *pasta* and sausage and cheese. Old Costantini brought out a great flask of red wine, and they drank toasts to Gino and to the prosperity of the whole family.

"Welcome back, Gino," old Costantini kept saying, nodding his head seriously. "We hoped you would come today, from what you said in your last letter. But we thought there might be a storm at sea, something of that nature. . . ."

"Were you ever shipwrecked, Gino?" Daniela asked eagerly.

"No talking of shipwrecks!" the mother cried, mechanically cuffing Daniela. "Tell us about the foreign countries you visited, Gino!"

Gino leaned back in his chair, and then

MITSINARI

The adventures of an explorer missionary among the man-eating tribes of New Guinea

THREE SPEARS, mounted blades forward in the ground, blocked the narrow jungle track. To André Dupeyrat, travelling unarmed and alone, their message was menacingly simple: "Go a step farther and you die."

There was no turning back for the French explorer missionary. He was in cannibal territory, and it was precisely to meet the man-eating savages who lay in wait that he had made his long, dangerous journey into an almost unexplored region of New Guinea.

André Dupeyrat's account of his touch-and-go meeting with cannibal tribesmen and of his adventures among them are told in his remarkable story, *Mitsinari*. It will appear, before book publication, in JOHN BULL.

Cannibalism, witchcraft, superstition . . . *Mitsinari* reveals a vivid picture of a stone-age people. Dupeyrat saw the gruesome preparations for a feast of human flesh. For months he lived with a chief who slaughtered his parents—then reverently treasured their bones.

Mitsinari tells how sorcerers set out to kill the explorer with snakes; how he shammed death while a six-foot reptile slithered slowly along his body. It describes feats of witchcraft that defy explanation; it tells of Isodoro, the witchdoctor who apparently changed himself into a bird at will.

There are stories of colourful wild life; of the enchanting dance of the firebird, of the courtship of the bird of paradise, who woos his mate with flowers and builds her a "court of love."

André Dupeyrat in Papuan swamp country

André Dupeyrat spent twenty years working as a "Mitsinari"—missionary—in New Guinea. He writes with authority, and with a skill that has twice won him French Academy prizes. *Mitsinari*—illustrated with Dupeyrat's remarkable photographs—begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

began. "Well, the first time we visited South America——"

"South America!" his father said wonderingly. "Listen to him! And here am I who have never been farther than Naples, when I did my military service!"

As Gino talked, one by one the callers arrived, to shake his hand and admire his clothes and listen to his stories. First the lawyer Segni, then the schoolmaster and Don Antonio the priest, then the mayor himself. Daniela and Lucia fetched more chairs from the bedrooms, and Costantini poured wine for them all.

Then old Mastrocinque came in with his niece Anna Maria, who looked after his house. Gino stared in surprise, and lost the thread of his story, and they had to prompt him.

"You were saying, the second time you were in Brazil. . . ."

"Well, yes, in Brazil. . . ." Gino stammered, but his mind was no longer on what he was saying. For, in the two years he had been away, Anna Maria had grown into a beautiful girl that a man would be very glad to marry.

She sat modestly in a corner, away from the table. Her soft, dark eyes were fastened on Gino, and when he looked at her she returned his gaze, not boldly but steadily.

"After that trip we came back to Genoa," Gino said, and looked down at the table. He could not meet Anna Maria's eyes while he uttered his great lie. "As I wrote in my letters, it was there that I was promoted second engineer."

A murmur of admiration ran round the table.

Old Mastrocinque laughed and said: "When will they make you chief engineer, Gino?"

"That takes time."

"Of course," his father said. "A man has to serve many years before he becomes a chief. But *coraggio*, Gino! You are in the good path."

"To Gino!" Mastrocinque cried. "Drink to his health!"

GINO glanced at Anna Maria again, and she was smiling at him, and under the cover of the general merriment they pledged each other with their glasses.

When the evening was over, Gino said casually to his father: "Anna Maria has grown a lot."

"She is a good girl," his father said. He scratched his head in silence for a moment, and then added: "It would please your mother, Gino."

The next day, Gino strolled around the village in his beautiful azure suit, and he had one chance to speak to Anna Maria for a moment, while she was fetching water from the pump. But after the first greeting he did not know what to say. Then Anna Maria asked, "When do you go back to your ship, Gino?"

"Tomorrow."

"You're going away for two years again?"

"No, I shall be back much sooner. In two or three months, perhaps."

She looked at him sideways. "Does it please you to come back to Chiusano?"

He summoned all his courage and said: "I shall want to see you again."

They were almost at Mastrocinque's house. She took the pails from him. "*Grazie*, Gino." She smiled almost impishly at him. "Will you dance with your sisters this evening?"

"Dance? Where?"

"Carlo is going to play his accordion, outside the *cantina*. We shall all come and dance."

"Anna Maria . . ." he said. But she had already gone into the house.

When evening came on, Gino counted what was left of his money. Twenty-seven thousand lire, and one hundred over. He took twenty-five thousand and went to his mother. "Mamma, this is to help you, in case you need to buy something for the family."

His mother looked at him doubtfully, but before she could speak he pressed the money into her hands with a grand gesture. "I'm rich, Mamma. I can afford to do these things."

He brushed his suit carefully for the dance. Outside the *cantina*, on the edge of the village square, he found Anna Maria, and danced with no one but her all evening long. Twirling her round in the throng, he sang to the accordion:

"La vedete a Piedigrotta,
Tutta festa era parata. . . ."

Everybody looked at them, and shouted jokes at them, but they didn't care.

"Eh, Gino! When will you come back to get married?"

"Eh, look at Anna Maria! You can see she likes the boy with the beautiful clothes!"

EXCITED and happy, Gino cried out: "I'll give you something to keep your mouths busy!" He pulled out his last two thousand lire and threw them to the canteen-keeper.

"Giorgio, wine for everybody! Let them see how a rich man treats his friends!" He took Anna Maria by the waist and led her triumphantly back into the dance.

He had to say good night to Anna Maria in the middle of a crowd of people all laughing and singing and clapping each other on the shoulder. But by this time he and she understood each other perfectly well.

The next day was the day he had to go back to the ship. Everybody wanted to come down the hill with him, as far as the bus-stop on the main road, to say their last goodbyes. But he insisted he would not permit it. They would say goodbye at the edge of the village, and he would go off down the hill alone.

"It's better like that," he kept saying, and they were bound to agree.

After the embraces of his family, he shook Mastrocinque and Anna Maria by the hand.

"Come back soon, Gino," Anna Maria said.

They looked at each other, undecided for a moment, and then they kissed each other on the cheek. It was a promise.

"Back to the ship!" cried Gino. "Here goes the second engineer!" And he strode off down the hill, with only their voices following him.

There was no one to be seen on the main road. He found his heap of stones in the field, and changed his clothes again, folding his azure suit carefully and laying it gently in his kitbag. Then he sat hidden behind the wall and waited patiently for the bus to pass, the bus that would have taken him to Avellino and Naples if he had had any money left in his pocket.

After the bus was safely past, he took to the road again, looking and listening for a truck that might give him a ride. But nothing came

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Captain ANTHONY FARRAR-HOCKLEY concludes THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

A final crisis – then I am free

An assassin's bullet had missed the camp commander, and Farrar-Hockley faced a sinister accusation. The Chinese thought he was in the plot

WHEN THE MORNING CAME, I discovered that my cell was in the North Korean police station at Pyn-Chong-ni. The cell was about eight feet long and four across; its walls were timbered on three sides with stout pine boards. The fourth wall had thick bars of pine, socketed in the floor and ceiling, and secured by cross-pieces. Outside the bars was a passage, running the length of the cell, with a door at either end: one to the police offices; the other to the courtyard outside. A window, covered with steel mesh, admitted a little light when the doors were closed.

This latest spell in the cells followed an escape which eight of us had planned from our prison camp at Pyn-Chong-ni, near Pyoktong in North Korea. Masquerading as water-carriers, we had spent several days hiding food and supplies near the river in preparation for our break-away.

Only a few items remained to be hidden, and we were all of us keyed up, when a Chinese sentry saw us hiding food in the maize. One by one, we were all arrested—and I found myself in the cells again.

Everything had been removed from my pockets when I was searched, but a blanket and two bowls were brought to me during the early morning. One of the floorboards was broken and so I reached through to the underside, found a stone, and began to sharpen two nails to cut my way out of the cell. It was going to be a long job—not only because the walls were thick and my tools were crude, but also because the sentries were unpredictable in their attentions.

After ten days, I was moved to another cell in a block which had been originally built by the Japanese for the accommodation of the families of the police—and so all my work towards escape came to naught. I was put into an old kitchen which had a damp mud floor and crumbling mud and wattle walls.

What was even more disadvantageous was the fact that the door had a spyhole for the sentry, and the exit at the other end of the cell was blocked by a pile of aluminium aircraft fuel drop-tanks which rang at the slightest touch and

Inter-camp Olympics made good propaganda for the Chinese, but prisoners got the chance to meet captives from other camps in North Korea

Colonel Carne (left) and Major Denis Harding revisit the Imjin battlefield after release. Both men were singled out by the Chinese for especially brutal treatment

Private Haines in a prison camp in North Korea. Like other Glosters, he was manacled and shut in a box for weeks on end

contained plenty of gaps through which the sentry could maintain a watch.

To my surprise, shortly after entering my new cell, I heard the Padre's voice coming from one next door. He had been arrested some time after me: this was his second or third day in jail. The floor of my cell was much lower than his and, without having to move from the position in which the guard commander had placed me, I could talk to the Padre by turning my head to speak through a small gap in the wall.

I know of only two priests captured in Korea. One was an American Roman Catholic chaplain, a splendid man who had died at Pyoktong of dysentery that was never treated because the Chinese did not want him to live. The other was our own padre.

In both cases, their presence was an embarrassment to our captors. They consistently reiterated that they permitted absolute freedom of religion, but they had not expected to be called upon to prove their words with deeds.

I know of no occasion when any religious activity of ours, in prospect or event, was directed against the authority of our captors: yet, at every turn, in every way, they frustrated our religious activities.

Chinese Censored Religion

"Religion," said Chen Chung Hwei, "shall be centralized on Sundays. There is no need for you to worship on any other day." At first, they sought to dissuade us from attending church services; but, seeing that this merely hardened us all the more against them, they turned to other means to thwart the Padre.

Materials were not available to make hymn or psalm sheets, a cross or candlesticks. We had to improvise everything. All religious meetings —theological classes, confirmation groups—were absolutely forbidden. Permission for each Sunday service had to be obtained and the exact words to be used in prayers, psalms, hymns, as well as addresses, had to be submitted five or six days in advance. Then the Padre would be subjected to a rigorous cross-examination as to the meaning of each phrase.

For many weeks, the choir had met regularly to practise in the library for the service on the following Sunday, an event the Chinese had permitted. In the second week in August, 1952, they suddenly pretended that it was a clandestine activity, a subtle plot against them organized by the Padre. They arrested him after giving him the opportunity to sign a "confession" to this effect, which they promised would save him from imprisonment—and, as he declined their offer, brought him to the jail.

His companionship was a source of great comfort to me; at night, and in the daytime when the sentry was not paying us too much attention, we had whispered conversations through the wall. On the Sunday after his arrest, and the Sunday that followed, we were delighted to hear the distant sounds of hymns being sung.

Church Services Carried On

They released the Padre after about three weeks, having failed completely in their purpose: the church services continued under lay leadership and there was much hard feeling about his arrest. The attempt to obtain a "confession" concerning a plot with the choir was dropped; Tien saved face by getting the Padre to agree that he would hold choir practices on Sunday mornings only, before the service.

In September, I was informed by Chen that, in addition to the charges arising from organizing and attempting an escape, there were others. He produced an indifferent forgery of Spike's handwriting, accusing me of persuading him to stay in bed late in the mornings! Later, another obvious forgery was produced, ostensibly a document by a British officer who had been in jail for a very long time and who, I was told, had decided to confess all his faults!

At last, circumstances permitted me to tell the deception story we escapers had planned in case of discovery. By good fortune, I managed to communicate secretly with Gallagher and Morton, so that we were ready to tell our story simultaneously. The Chinese released us to the compound within a few days of one another, which left Sam still in prison. They tried very hard to get us to incriminate Sam, against whom they had absolutely no evidence.

I had just settled back into the routine of compound life when the camp headquarters made a change that constituted a major event in our lives. The prisoners in the compound were divided into two groups, and one group was withdrawn from the village.

Immediately after breakfast one morning at the end of October, the whole of our platoon was told to pack up for a move. We were given no details, but merely told that we should leave nothing behind. I was packing my kit when Chang approached me to say: "You are not going with the others. Pack your kit and go below to the schoolhouse."

Seven days after the departure of my friends in No. 2 Company from the main compound, I was still awaiting movement to whatever destination Commander Ding had in mind. At dusk on the seventh day, I was taken down to Chen's office and given a warning.

"The Commander Ding has decided to send you back to your company," said Chen. "You will not go away; but I warn you that if you disobey the regulations in future, you will receive very severe punishment. We know everything that goes on in the camp. You can never deceive the Chinese Volunteers!"

A guard and an orderly took me down the road that led to Pyoktong. About a mile west of the village, we turned off the road and made our way up a long valley. On the eastern slope was a long building constructed in the Chinese style—the new No. 2 Company Headquarters. Inside, Chang and the company commander were waiting to receive me.

Linguist Was Dangerous Man

Chang was a short, plump man, who, on his own statement, was a graduate of St. John's University, Shanghai. He had a fine ear for an accent and modified his English to suit his audience; to the Americans, he spoke with an American accent; to the British element, he spoke straightforward English.

But more than this: at Pyoktong, where he had been stationed with captives in Camp No. 5, he had learned to assume a cockney accent, and he tried this out on Sergeants-Major Morton and Strong, both Londoners, from time to time.

He was very anxious to improve his English and spent a great deal of time studying and asking us to explain phrases that he did not understand. But for all these accomplishments and

a suave manner, Chang was the most dangerous man on the Chinese staff of the company—an unprincipled opportunist. Yet, strangely, Chang was the only Chinese in the camp with sufficient intelligence to see that the best way to approach us as a group was with politeness and amity.

Though he was rebuffed again and again, he never gave up and, unquestionably, he saved his masters a great deal of trouble by this policy, which, coupled with his considerable ability as an interpreter, made our relationship with the company headquarters less irksome.

After a happy reunion with my friends, I found that I was allocated a bed on a raised kang (a sleeping-platform heated on the hypocaust system) which was occupied by the Turks.

Propaganda At The Olympics

Although the nights were really cold, the day temperatures were still pleasant as we passed into November, 1952, and this was fortunate because an inter-camp athletics meeting had been arranged; the Chinese styled it the "Prisoner-of-War Command Olympics."

Now, the Olympic Games idea had been adopted as a super-propaganda stunt for the prison camps and there was considerable doubt among us as to whether we should participate or not.

The factor which really decided that we should take part as an officers' camp was that we would have an opportunity to communicate with men of our units held in other camps. The senior American air force lieutenant-colonel was the leader of the party of participators and spectators, and Donald was the senior Briton. He returned on the eve of Thanksgiving Day with many cheering messages from our men in other camps and a most interesting account of all that had occurred.

The main snag was that many photographers were present. Photographs were taken, not only of the events, but of the vastly improved food which was served at every meal—photographs that might well be presented to the outside world as an illustration of our normal daily meals at a time when we were living off cabbage and potato soup, the new winter diet.

Certainly one of the press representatives there must have welcomed the opportunity to exploit the situation for propaganda purposes. I refer to Alan Winnington, the London *Daily Worker* correspondent, who had assisted the North Koreans to interrogate United Nations' captives and consistently misrepresented our treatment to the advantage of our enemies and the detriment of his fellow-countrymen.

Donald Wanted An Interview

When Donald approached him, he adopted a jovial attitude and said that he was hoping to come out to our camp to interview us. Donald asked him if he would care to interview him, personally, there and then; but Winnington regretted that he had other business and moved away, promising that he would come back to make an appointment. He avoided Donald for the rest of the meeting.

As we expected, in due course an illustrated book was produced concerning the Olympics, with captions that advised the reader of our happiness in the prison camps on the Yalu River.

It made no reference to the many men undergoing solitary confinement, such as the Colonel (whose sentence had long since expired) or others, like Sam, who remained unsentenced, or others, who, held in lone huts in the mountains, were being tortured in order to obtain more "confessions" to waging germ warfare.

The peace talks were in abeyance when Thanksgiving Day came round again, but, fortunately for us, the Chinese were now trying to convince the outside world that they were treating their prisoners with generosity, and that the United Nations command was consistently maltreating the prisoners it held.

As a result, we had extra food once again for Thanksgiving Day, and, later, for Christmas and New Year. But we paid for our feasting by reverting to a steady diet of cabbages, potatoes —and, at intervals, beans—immediately the feast day had passed. Undoubtedly, conditions of living had improved; but almost all we had to cook our vegetables with was salt and water, and there were times when it was difficult to face the same meal morning and evening, day after day.

ILLUSTRATION BY NASH

The Chinese were scouring the camp for the men who planned to escape. Farrar-Hockley had barely got rid of his pack of food when Yang burst in and shone his torch all over his clothing

Hitherto, we had ruled out escape in midwinter; for in the two earlier winters of the war, prisoners had been too weak to survive exposure in an open boat or the rigours of a prolonged cross-country journey. We now had a plan which dispensed with the latter, and the doctors felt that some of us were sufficiently fit to risk the former.

The plan was to escape in February along the frozen surface of the Yalu River to the sea. It was certainly feasible in white clothing on the snow-covered ice for any small party of men determined to succeed. The first two pairs among the British began to prepare: Peter, a young subaltern of the Rifles, and Tom, who had commanded a platoon in our D Company; and Sid and I.

At the same time, Guy heard through his liaison with the Americans that Mac, the air force colonel, and Harry, an infantry major, were planning to go at about the same time. It was agreed that we should all try to make our escape from the compound on the same night.

We all had to escape with fairly large loads because we needed food more than ever in these low temperatures, and escaping from this compound with such a bundle would be exceptionally difficult if the sentries were alert and at full strength.

There were many anxious moments. Mr. Hobbs had procured us beans from the cookhouse, and Donald—now a cook—had supplemented these with other items. Sergeant-Major Askew had stolen meat for us. Sid was parching

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the beans over a fire behind the huts one morning when one of the Chinese compound staff appeared—an unpleasant man we called Clem. Something had gone wrong with the warning system and I saw the blood ebb from Sid's face as he threw the beans far into the back of the fire and pretended to be heating up some potato soup saved from breakfast.

Clem was looking in all the fire boxes as he came along; he paused and looked in the one where Sid was sitting. I thought he was never going on, but, at last, he seemed satisfied and walked away.

The days passed as we slowly assembled the kit that we needed. Duggie, the 8th Hussars' doctor, and Bob, the Glosters' doctor, checked on the food value of each item we intended to carry and warned us that we should be existing on an absolute minimum diet.

Guards Were Unusually Alert

Colonel Mac very kindly offered us the first place in the order of escape. Tom drew cards with me to see whose pair should go out first: he won. That night we dressed in our kit and prepared to break out as soon as possible after dark. But, to our annoyance, the guards seemed unusually alert, and the compound staff were inside the compound in strength, shining their torches around the square while the sentries did likewise behind the buildings.

We decided that it would be better to postpone the attempt for twenty-four hours, expecting that the state of alertness would diminish.

On the following night, the first two pairs got dressed again; Colonel Mac and Harry got ready to pull their kit out of hiding as soon as they had the signal that Tom and Peter had gone and that we were in process of going. But we got no farther than that. Two members of the compound staff came straight up to Peter and picked him up with all his kit on him, arresting Tom in the same way a few minutes later while he was actually in his room.

Then they began looking about for more of us. I had barely stripped myself of my food-pack and handed it to Sergeant-Major Strong for disposal before Yang came up to me and shone his torch all over my clothing. Plainly I had no pack or bundle on me and he went off muttering rude Chinese words, looking for Sid, who had also just managed to get rid of his kit.

As we went to bed that night, heavy-hearted at our failure and at the arrest of Tom and Peter, one thing became abundantly clear. Someone in the compound was acting as informer for the enemy—a suspicion we had formed long ago. Someone had signalled to our enemies that Tom and Peter had got dressed for an escape while Sid and I were actually in the process of dressing. We retired to our kangs with bitter hearts.

Twenty-four Hours To Confess

Nothing happened for four days. Peter and Tom, who had been held in arrest near the company headquarters for the first night, were removed to the village. On the fourth day after their arrest, Chen Chung Hwei arrived at the company headquarters and sent for me. He informed me that he had positive information that I was one of those responsible for putting Peter and Tom up to an escape—they had actually planned it themselves—and that I had plans to escape myself.

If I confessed now, I would save myself a great deal of bother, and retain my freedom within the compound. If not—he cannot have been very sure of his ground for, after haranguing me for half an hour, during which I declined to speak, he gave me twenty-four hours to think the alternative over, reminding me that I had received a warning twice before about breaking the regulations, and that I had already served a jail sentence for escaping.

I thanked Heaven that their records were so bad that they knew nothing about my other escapes, and went back to the compound. I had an uneasy feeling that he was not bluffing; and I disposed of the more precious articles of my kit with Mr. Hobbs and Sergeant-Major Baker.

On the following evening, Yang came down to my room after supper and told me to pack my kit. It was the first of March and the day had been bright and comparatively warm. However, the evening sky was filled with thick, grey clouds, and the temperature seemed to be dropping.

After eight hours' examination during the night, I was allowed to leave my examiners—to get some rest, I thought. Chen had left us after two or three hours, handing over to a tall Chinese with an irritable face and spectacles in yellow-tinted frames. His name was Kung.

Kung followed me out on to the road and passed a remark to the guard commander who had joined us as soon as I left the house. We went back to the newly prepared cell-block (now on the south side of the road) and I expected to be put into the cell where I had stowed my kit on coming back into Pyn-Chong-ni, but I was mistaken. I was taken to an outhouse at the end of the cell block, stripped of my padded jacket, pushed inside, and locked in.

I was uncomfortably aware that it had been snowing for several hours and that the temperature was well below freezing point. The outhouse was filled with old pieces of timber and a few agricultural implements, but it had nothing to keep me warm. I took a certain amount of exercise but dared not sweat too much in case the moisture froze. If that happened, I should have frostbite before morning.

I spent an extremely uncomfortable night, being unable to sleep because of the cold; my whole body ached with it. When the dawn came, I saw with dismay that it was still snowing.

I was not given breakfast that morning—but that might have been as much due to administrative inefficiency as malice on the part of Kung; I had been forgotten before in this way while in prison. An evening meal arrived just before dusk.

Shortly after, Kung arrived to ask me if I had changed my mind about making a confession. I had not, and he went away without further comment. My second night was even more miserable than the first: I could not stop shivering; at times, my whole body shook uncontrollably. In the light of morning, I discovered that my fingers were blue and badly swollen: my numbed feet were in an even worse condition. I realized that I was already in the throes of cold shock.

To draw some attention to my condition, I refused breakfast when it came; and I refused the evening meal. Evidently the guard commander reported this, for Kung appeared again at dusk, to ask what was the matter with me. I showed him my fingers. He grunted, said nothing, and went away.

The sentry on duty closed the door and my heart sank: I feared that I had not been successful. At this stage of our captivity, with our names released as prisoners, I had been sure that they would not carry the cold-treatment to such extremes as the loss of limbs from frostbite.

Floor Was Too Hot To Sleep On

I had finally become convinced of my error when the door was reopened and a medical orderly came in—a decent little chap whom Tony and Sid had named "Dolly." He took my temperature, examined my fingers and one of my feet by torchlight, and then went out again. Ten minutes later, he returned with a vile-tasting draught of medicine and instructions to move me elsewhere.

One never knew what to expect from the Chinese. I was placed in a room with a heated floor, so hot that I had to place most of my clothes underneath me in order to lie down in

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The author as he is today. A year ago he passed under an arch at Panmunjom—"The Welcome Gate to Freedom"—on his way home to his wife after twenty-eight months of captivity

Hardwick's cameras record the variety of life

by RONALD CLARK

No assignment surprises Henden Hardwick. In nearly a million pictures he has photographed anything from pretty girls to diamonds and corpses to state secrets

AS A COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHER with nearly a million pictures behind him, Henden Hardwick is used to odd assignments. But he was puzzled some time ago when a middle-aged man called regularly with oil paintings of eighteenth century figures which he wanted photographed.

The client was not an art dealer—but he offered rewards to Hardwick's staff for information which could help him to obtain more old portraits.

"It took us a long time to find out what he was up to," says Hardwick. "He was sending the photographs to his brother in New York. The brother compared them with recent pictures of wealthy Americans. Where a resemblance was found, the American was informed that a valuable painting of one of his ancestors had been discovered in Britain. Usually it led to a sale."

A spruce, soldierly-looking Londoner in his late fifties, Hardwick is manager of Wallace Heaton's commercial department, a unique photographic enterprise which carries out commissions to take pictures of anything from a kitchen mop to a new ship, a £10,000 piece of jewellery or a block of flats—or evidence for litigation. Hardwick recently sent one of his staff photographers to get pictures of a large furniture van drawn up in front of a West End club. "The club owner needed them to help to prove an obstruction case."

In his first-floor studios in Bond Street, London, Hardwick handles business for art dealers, fashion designers, builders, hospitals, engineering firms and such occasional clients as a well-to-do London family who were mourning the death of an old retainer who had been in the family's service for three generations. "They had no photograph by which to remember her. We had to go round and photograph the corpse as it lay propped up in bed."

One day recently, Hardwick and his men photographed a crystal bowl worth £3,000, a priceless Chinese red lacquer bowl from a Mayfair salon, a beach bathing suit designed for the 1954 season, and a cube of insulating material made from dried seaweed.

Pools Winner Brought Cheque

One man who ran a penny points pool syndicate used to call regularly on Hardwick to have his entries—and an occasional winning cheque—photographed. "He wanted proof for the other members of the syndicate."

Hardwick is often called on to produce "proving" pictures, and his work is sometimes sworn into court as evidence. Once he photographed a collapsed wall which had killed a passer-by, and he later appeared as a witness to explain the focal length he had used on the camera, and the distance from which the pictures had been taken.

The police and insurance companies frequently use Hardwick and his staff to record skid-marks on the roads, and steps and stairs on which people have fallen. After a man fell to his death down a lift-shaft, Hardwick's pictures were used to help to assess responsibility, and a similar procedure was followed when a batten fell from the top of a stack of timber in a woodyard and killed a workman.

One of the longest proving jobs is still going on. Every fortnight, one of Hardwick's men climbs to the roof of the Prince of Wales Theatre in London to get shots of a building being erected nearby.

This routine has gone on for six months and will continue for another six: the pictures form evidence of the progress which each subcontractor is making.

Some time ago, when a firm got a contract for a large quantity of portable aircraft sheds, an instructional booklet was being prepared to show technicians how to erect the sheds. Hardwick asked the firm to put one up. "Then I told them to take it apart, bit by bit, and I photographed every stage of the operation. We printed the negatives, starting with the last. The result was that we showed the erection from start to finish in nearly a hundred stages."

Above Piccadilly Circus, one of Hardwick's team photographs building work. Pictures of this kind are often used as court evidence

Hardwick's cameras have also been used to illustrate the extent of dry rot in lofts and woodworm in churches, and a photographer was detailed not long ago to take shots through a crack in a wall to establish that subsidence in a property was really serious.

Among visitors to the studio are patients from a London skin-disease hospital who are photographed before and after treatment. Sometimes Hardwick calls for minor performances by models to get the effects he wants. When he was asked for pictures to show how a brand of windscreen plastic stood up to rough treatment, he had a young secretary jumping from a pair of steps on to a five-foot segment of the material. As she jumped, super-fast pictures were taken. "They showed how the plastic bent right down to the floor and sprang back without breaking."

His most curious assignment happened twenty years ago. A British contingent of eight hundred men were on their way to help to police the Saar during the plebiscite—and at the last minute Hardwick was called in to photograph them for identity cards.

Left Ship By Rope Ladder

With two assistants he boarded the troopship at Tilbury and photographed the men aboard as and where they could be found. To keep track of his subjects, Hardwick pinned a numbered cloakroom ticket on each man. The ship was off Southend by the time the job was finished, and Hardwick and his colleagues, together with their gear, were lowered over the side by rope ladder.

A motor boat landed them at Southend Pier, they spent the rest of the day and night developing and printing, and finally rushed the photographs to an aircraft which delivered them in the Saar before the troops arrived.

Hardwick's department, which was set up soon after the first World War, has always had plenty of business from art dealers and jewellers. In one St. James's Street art dealer's gallery, Hardwick supervised the photographing of more than seven thousand Old Masters.

Some antiques, yachting and racing trophies —among them the Ascot Gold Cup—are photographed regularly, and cameramen are occasionally called in to help to determine whether a painting is genuine or fake.

One of Hardwick's clients who believes he owns a Rembrandt has had it photographed in black and white, colour, infra-red and even with X-rays, to support his case. "There is a battle going on between him and a big art gallery," says Hardwick. "The gallery claims that its

Taking advertising photographs is part of Hardwick's job. He once made a girl secretary jump on a windscreen to add interest to the subject

painting is the original, and that the one owned by our client is a copy."

Film is being increasingly used by individuals and societies to keep track of collections of items and valuable documents. During the war one photographer was kept occupied for nine months taking pictures of the sixty thousand plants, animals and shells in the collection of the Linnean Society—a natural history society—when it was evacuated.

Microfilm was first used extensively in the early days of the war when businessmen wanted wills, ledgers, leases, agreements and plans properly safeguarded.

By the microfilm process, hundreds of records can be kept on a single roll of 35-mm. film at a cost of less than threepence an exposure. When Hardwick's staff copied manuscript records at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, each page was placed on a sheet of white paper and pegged firmly to the floor. Two powerful lamps were switched on at each side and a camera put in position above. Two-second exposures were allowed as each document was moved into place.

Once the job was going smoothly, a thousand pages were photographed daily. "We've improved since then," Hardwick claims. "Under good conditions we can take nearly three hundred exposures an hour."

"The method was used in the recording of the royal collection of drawings at Windsor Castle. "Now, if students want to study the drawings they merely apply for prints from the microfilm." Recently, a set of prints was completed for the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Hardwick's department was commissioned some time ago to help "an important Allied war leader," who was writing his autobiography. He had to consult hundreds of confidential army orders, telegrams to Allied services chiefs and other secret material in the state archives.

As an insurance against fire or accident risk, photographs were taken of every piece of paper involved in the research—and the negatives and one print of each were handed to the client. "Everyone who had access to that material," Hardwick recalls, "had to be sworn to secrecy."

Hardwick confesses to a feeling of uneasiness whenever he handles priceless antiques and paintings.

He once spent ten days at Harewood House, near Leeds, making a pictorial recording of the late Lord Harewood's collection of fragile ceramics.

"Every piece had to be picked up, 'dulled,' photographed and then washed before being replaced. I breathed freely again only when the last piece was safely back in its cabinet or on its mantelpiece."

The "dulling" process, intended to prevent too much light reflection, is a secret that Hardwick and his men will not divulge. Once, a valuable piece of jewellery brought to the studio under guard had to be dulled for the cameras. It was encrusted with diamonds. The following morning Hardwick was telephoned by the jewellers who had sent it: they complained that one of the biggest diamonds was missing.

After a search, it was found among the equipment of the photographer who had carried out the job. Says Hardwick: "It had been accidentally pulled from its setting during the 'dulling' process."

THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HARLEY

Nightmare in Copenhagen

by MARTHA ALBRAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

A desperate hope was driving him on. Nothing could stop him—not even his love for Helga

RICHARD PARKER had been given the chance of saving the life of his best friend, Anders Oersted—and he had turned it down. Anders was a prisoner of the Russians in the Eastern Zone of Germany, and Richard had been forced into a cruel dilemma. For more was involved than his friendship for Anders—more even than his love for Anders's sister, Helga.

The price of Anders's release was a cupful of white powder—a sample of a new and devastating explosive. It came from a sunken U-boat, and had been handed to Anders by a fisherman called Mogens, who had hauled it up in his net. Anders had hidden it and sent Richard a map with directions to a house near the Swedish village of Viken.

Richard knew he would be betraying everything he and Anders believed in if he allowed the explosive to fall into the Russians' hands. Crushing his feelings of friendship and love, he announced his decision to Helga and to Anders's two friends, Dr. Frederik Gabel and Iver Larsen.

They were appalled. How could anything, they asked, mean more to him than Anders's life? Helga was pleased when the fisherman Mogens, a huge rock of a man, followed Richard to Viken, knocked him out and brought him back to the Oersteds' farm near Helsingor.

But, at Viken, Richard had made an important discovery. He had found no trace of the explosive in the house. Looking at the map again, he had realized that the distances on it were a code identifying a numbered bottle in Anders's laboratory at the farm.

He kept the secret to himself and persuaded Helga, Larsen and Gabel to ask the Russians to send an intermediary to meet them.

The man the Russians sent was Otto Severin, Anders's German assistant. His odious rôle stunned them all to silence.

It was agreed, finally, that the explosive would be handed over, twenty-four hours after a note in Anders's writing had been received. Meanwhile, Severin wanted a guarantee that none of the explosive would be removed: it must be handed over intact.

Helga spoke at once. "I guarantee that," she said.

PART 4

"We Can't Take Chances"

WHEN Severin left, everyone began talking rapidly, breathlessly and excitedly, as though they could find words to express their horror only now, when they were no longer physically faced with him. None of them seemed to have liked him; each for different reasons had apparently warned Anders against letting Severin work for him in such a singularly trusted and important position. Even so, they were profoundly shocked.

"It must have been he, then, who put the Russian agents on to the whole thing," said Frederik Gabel. "As a scientist——"

He stopped abruptly. Perhaps, thought Richard, the doctor remembered what he had said earlier in the day—that science should be available to all.

Had it been Severin? Had Severin, as Iver Larsen now suggested, been planted at the Solskin works from the very beginning, keeping the Russians informed about what was going on in the laboratory, waiting for his big chance to prove his value to them? But if Severin had been the instigator of Anders's abduction, then Mogens might indeed have done nothing more than caught the container in his net and brought it to Anders. Or had Mogens and Severin—had the two of them . . . ?

SUDDENLY it seemed incredible that he should have let Severin go, that none of them should have thought of forcing him to tell where Anders was imprisoned. Richard crossed the room, and he had almost reached the door when Gabel said, with the utmost politeness: "May I ask where you are going?"

"He can't have gone far—Severin, I mean."

Mogens moved then. He moved, Richard saw, at a tiny gesture from Helga. Now, as this morning in his cabin, he was blocking the door.

Larsen, who had stepped behind the table Niels had wheeled in earlier and was pouring a drink, looked up and said: "You're not really asking us to believe that you think Severin would say one word more than he has been allowed to say?" He poured a second glass of brandy and carried it over to where Richard had stopped. "He would be a dead man if he did," he said. "You know that as well as I."

He lifted his glass and emptied it in one swallow. "I'm sorry, Parker, but I must ask you not to leave this house." He smiled. "You surprised us by bolting this afternoon. We can't afford to let you have another try in Viken."

Richard stood frozen to the ground. It had never occurred to him that he might be unable to move at will, might be kept prisoner in this house. Silently he looked from one to the other.

"You heard what Helga said," the doctor murmured softly. "She guaranteed that no sample would be taken from the container. It is very embarrassing, but, if necessary, we will have to stop you from doing anything that might endanger our chance of having Anders with us once more."

"I did not intend to go to Frigga," said Richard. "I——"

Mogens was staring at him. "We do not trust

Stealthily, Helga peered into the corridor. They p

you, Herre Parker. You showed us this afternoon that you don't care if your friend lives or dies."

"It's simply that we can't take any chances," Larsen said uneasily. "You must understand. You alone know where Anders hid the container. It's too easy now for you to go back, dig it up, put some of the stuff away and get it to your Embassy. Not that the Russians could ever prove it, not that I would not want you to do it, Richard, but the danger is that the Russians might use it as a reason to go back on their offer."

Richard said furiously, "What makes you so sure they will not do it anyhow?"

"At least then I will not feel guilty."

Gabel said: "You will not leave the house until after Anders's note arrives, and then we will go with you." His voice no longer sounded vague or shocked or tired.

What makes them think that I would ever tell them where they can find the explosive? thought Richard, in a hot flash of anger. But

used in the doorway, listening intently: the house was perfectly still. "I'll see if everybody is asleep," she whispered. "If I'm not back in ten minutes, go"

he realized that Mogens, Larsen and Gabel would combine their strength to prevent his setting foot outside.

"Don't touch him," said Helga sharply.

THEY had not moved, yet she had been right to speak, for the atmosphere in the room seemed suddenly charged with animosity—the kind of animosity that is based on steadily mounting tension.

"His word will be enough."

Richard looked at her hard. Helga met his glance steadily. "I said your word would be enough, Richard."

"You have it," said Richard. He went into the little library, slamming the door.

It was a completely round room, shelves of books lined the walls and its only window was a skylight. For a while, Richard listened to the voices rising and falling next door; then he stared up at the skylight. It would be possible to get away.

He rose and tried the chain which opened and closed the skylight. He was still manipulating the chain when Helga entered.

"You do not think much of giving your word, do you?"

"Not when it is given under pressure."

"Richard," she said, "there were three against one. Don't make me regret that a childish sense of fairness made me prevent a disgusting fight."

As he turned, he saw that she looked exhausted. Deep circles had formed under her eyes, and her hair seemed to have lost its gleam. He was suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling of pity.

"My darling," he said, "don't you see that there is no reason why I should be unable to move? It is as Larsen said. If the Russians want to, they can go back on their offer whether I go to Viken or not."

"Perhaps. But as Larsen said, at least then, if anything goes wrong, we don't have to blame ourselves."

"Perhaps we will feel more guilty for not trying other possibilities, for giving in so easily."

Helga sat down. "Don't try anything, Richard," she said. "Iver and Frederik have gone, but Mogens is sleeping at the house." She pointed to her bag, which bulged slightly with the outline of the gun Mogens had taken away from him and returned to her. "You would not force me to use it, would you, Richard?"

He knelt beside her chair; he took her hand and gently, tenderly, kissed it. She did not withdraw it, but when he looked up her eyes were hard and cold.

"Why have you come in here?" he asked.

HELGA shrugged, and Richard rose and put his hand under her chin and turned her face till she was forced to meet his eyes. "Shall I tell you why?" he said. "Not because you have begun to understand what I'm going through, trying to make the decision Anders would want me to make if he were in my place; not because you regret the things you have said

Richard shook him angrily. "Stop acting, Severin!" he shouted. "It won't do you any good!"

to me or because you remember what you wrote in some of your letters; but because Ulla or Gabel or Larsen told you to get me into a mood in which my love for you might make me reveal where they can find the container."

She blushed. A deep crimson coloured not only her cheeks, but rushed along the fine, strong column of her neck. "And what would be so wrong about that?"

"Helga," he said, with great seriousness, "it is true that I have never loved any girl but you. I think I fell in love with you when I first saw your picture in Anders's room in London, only I didn't know it then. But I knew the moment I set eyes on you. Don't think because my love has been deep and steady that you can take advantage of it."

"Let's forget about love," she said. "I told you nothing matters to me but Anders. That I would do anything, lie, cheat, shoot," she said, "if it would help him. Whatever I may have felt for you, Richard, died the moment I realized that friendship meant nothing to you. Anders was right when he warned me years ago: scientists have a second brain where other people have their hearts."

Richard stared at the skylight. The sky had cleared. He could see the stars. "Then perhaps, with no sentiment involved, you can listen to reason?"

"I'm not going to listen to you. I promised Iver and Frederik not to let you go."

As though she had not spoken, he asked: "Why did Anders rent Frigga at Viken? Whom did he suspect? When did he start suspecting anyone? Who let the house to him? These are the things I want to find out. Things I think I can find out. And I must see Severin. I want to speak to Mogens's men, Bertel and Kristen. Perhaps they talked. Or Mogens may have. Or Larsen. Or Gabel. Who are their friends? Above all, who are Severin's friends or connections?" He spoke rapidly, trying to make his voice sound convincing. "If we could find a trace—some trace that——"

But Helga interrupted him: "It's no good, Richard. Someone phoned Iver just a couple of minutes ago. We will have the letter tomorrow morning. At eight o'clock. That means Anders is alive, doesn't it?" A tiny smile of relief came into her eyes and faded. "And how do you think you could find out anything in the little time we have? It's already midnight." She laughed angrily. "No, Richard, you're not concerned about Anders. You're only concerned about the container and how you might get hold of it."

HELGA rose; with her hair loose, she looked pitifully young and tired and stubborn. Richard stopped her only when she had reached the door. "All right," he said. "I am trying to prevent the explosive from falling into the hands of people I regard as enemies. But I am also trying to find a way to save Anders."

His tone of voice had changed so completely that Helga turned, bewildered. She had never heard him speak that way, coldly determined. It commanded her attention. She came back to her chair and sat down again.

"It doesn't strike you as odd, apparently, that Anders should have thought it wise to rent a house in Sweden," he said. "To me it is most significant. He could have been killed or abducted here in Denmark. He could have been lured out of this house, out of his lab, from his office, to any spot or restaurant where Russian agents might have overpowered him. But it looks more as if Anders did the luring. He was setting a trap for someone—someone he suspected. If this person were Severin, then Severin is not the errand boy Larsen takes him to be, but far more important.

"That's why I must see Severin. If Severin is only a spy passing on information, then I must find out to whom Severin reports. If I can find this person, then perhaps the Russians will not

Continued on page 32

Two hounds tree Daphne Langdale at the end of a practice run. Her husband uses the family or farmhands as his quarry—he never puts down artificial scents

Arthur Langdale shows the hounds a handkerchief. From this clue, they can trace a man for miles and find him in a crowd

The Langdale bloodhounds track down trouble

by JOHN MAY

Noses to the ground, they seek out stray children and injured mountaineers. In spite of their reputation, insists Daphne Langdale, they are gentle, affectionate—and shy

LATE ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON at Buddington Farm, near Midhurst, Sussex, one of Mrs. Daphne Langdale's twin five-year-old sons refused to come in to tea. When she called him again, dusk was falling and he had disappeared. She told her husband. Arthur Langdale, a lanky, ruddy-faced gentleman farmer, went to one of the farm buildings. He reappeared with two bloodhounds.

The larger hound, on a long lead, lifted its head and bayed as it picked up the boy's scent. Then, nose to the ground, with the loose hound running ahead, it crossed a lane to a cornfield and dragged Langdale off at a trot over the stubble.

A few minutes later, Langdale found the twin on his way across the fields towards Easebourne village. On hound licked the boy's face as he wept indignantly at being fetched back.

"Even if the boy had not known the hounds, we wouldn't have hesitated to set them on to find him," says Daphne Langdale, who is honorary secretary of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders. Langdale himself, who is vice-chairman, has bred and hunted with bloodhounds for twenty years and knows their ways intimately. "The idea that bloodhounds are ferocious and attack their quarry is quite wrong," he says.

In spite of their looks, Daphne Langdale says that most bloodhounds are shy, affectionate and good tempered. "They are the gentlest of creatures."

After a mother had searched fruitlessly for her two-year-old baby girl, lost for several hours in Dorchester, a young bloodhound now in the Langdales' kennels was brought out to help. The hound hunted the child along a road, finding the scent where she had passed. Then, breaking away from handler and mother, it raced ahead. Apprehensively, the mother ran after it. "She found the hound sitting waiting beside her little girl," says Mrs. Langdale. "The baby had her arms round its neck."

If they were called in early enough, bloodhounds could often trace strayed children, people suffering from loss of memory, weather-bound hikers, injured mountaineers and even criminals on the run.

Mrs. Langdale has a list of handlers all over Britain who have hounds suitable as emergency man-trackers.

One of the men on the list, a Midlands farmer named Eric Furness, was called out one evening by the police to trace a man who had disappeared from his cottage only minutes before they had called to arrest him. Furness took several hounds to the cottage, gave them some of the man's clothes to smell and set them on the track.

To escape notice, the fugitive had avoided roads and footpaths, running instead across open country. For the bloodhounds it was a

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

trail unfoiled by other human smells. "He couldn't have taken a better direction for hunting," says Mrs. Langdale. "The scent was fresh. The hounds ran a hot line for five miles, exhausting the police. Then they found their man among a crowd in an inn, and identified him perfectly."

Sometimes even a prompt call is too late—except to confirm tragedy. A climber on holiday from Warrington left his lodgings at the head of Borrowdale, in the Lake District, one morning last April, but failed to return. The next day a bloodhound was set on to help a policeman to search for him.

The handler—one of the best-known on Mrs. Langdale's list—was Dr. Frank Madge, chairman of the Lake District Mountain Accidents Association and Medical Officer for Westmorland. Scent was bad and the trail was twenty-six hours cold, but the hound hunted steadily up a valley, then checked.

"Dr. Madge crossed a stream and cast up the fellside," says Mrs. Langdale. "As they began climbing, he let the hound loose. It worked upwards among difficult rocks, with Dr. Madge and the policeman following. Descending again to the crag's foot, it found the climber. He was dead."

Many owners keep hounds as pets and show dogs; good puppies cost from fifteen guineas. Before the war, up to two hundred young bloodhounds were registered annually with the Kennel Club, and registrations are now mounting again. Breeders limit the numbers in their kennels because of the difficulties of feeding and exercising.

Diet Keeps Them Healthy

With half a dozen fully grown bloodhounds in their Easebourne kennels, Daphne Langdale and her husband do not agree that hounds need the daily four pounds of meat that some owners provide. "The more mixed the diet the better." They feed their hounds on waste milk, flaked maize, chicken rice, porridge, dog biscuit, stale bread, occasional wild rabbits and a reasonable quantity of meat.

"Bloodhounds will always eat more if you let them," says Mrs. Langdale. Missing one, she discovered it in the farm granary, its face whitened by flour and its sides distended with eating dry pigmeal. "When I fed the hounds shortly afterwards, this one ate greedily, none the worse."

Even on a healthily lean diet, a dog hound can weigh up to 120 pounds and a bitch ninety pounds. Handling a man-tracker is strenuous. "The other day a hound decided to smell something in the hedge when I was exercising him on a lead," recalls Mrs. Langdale. "I had to go and smell it, too."

To train hounds in tracking, Mrs. Langdale lays a trail at night by taking a roundabout route to shut up her chickens. Early next morning, when he goes to feed the fowls, Arthur Langdale hunts the line. Occasionally he tracks his shepherd or a farmhand, and at holiday times he hunts lines laid by the Langdale twins and their elder brother. "We are never troubled on the farm by trespassers or poachers," says Daphne Langdale.

Bloodhounds are rewarded at the end of a training hunt with a piece of meat. But the quarry is not allowed to use artificial scents. "You can't expect criminals or missing people to smear their shoes with aniseed or blood."

An exception occurred when an owner of hounds was called in one Sunday morning by a chicken farmer. A thief had killed several fowls and left a trail scented with blood. The hounds tracked steadily for two miles. Then they made for another chicken house, where a man in a garden was talking to a policeman.

The hounds were only mildly interested in the two men, and wanted to continue tracking. The thief had made a second call, and the back-garden poultry keeper was reporting more stolen chickens. The policeman, who knew the thief, stopped the hounds from tracking farther, but secured a conviction for both thefts.

Hounds show their powers under more orthodox conditions when Daphne Langdale organizes the association's two-day field trials. At Goodwood, in 1952, Arthur Langdale won both main events—the junior stake over a two-mile line an hour cold, and the senior over three miles, two hours cold. Both wins, awarded for the speed and accuracy of tracking and identification, were made with his champion stud bloodhound, Easebourne Tarquin.

Langdale is noted among breeders as a particularly patient handler. "You've got to trust your hounds," he says. The relationship between a bloodhound and the human it knows best is a delicate and intimate one.

"Whenever we went near the kennels after one of our bitches had her last puppies," says Mrs. Langdale, "she was standing forlornly out in the run." The hound went in to her new litter when ordered, but as soon as the Langdales were out of sight, she slipped out again. The pups were in danger of suffering from neglect.

Finally, Daphne Langdale went inside the kennel. "I handled each puppy in turn, to the mother's evident delight, and then she lay down with them. She didn't leave them any more. We realized that she was not satisfied until I had examined them properly." THE END

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

FOR several years the Penges had been on bad terms with their neighbours, the Ladbrokes.

One evening Mrs. Penge heard a crash; from the window she saw that a car was disappearing along the road, and that the corner of her garden wall—next to the Ladbrokes' garage drive—had been knocked down. Her neighbours' garage was empty and, shortly afterwards, Ladbroke arrived back in his car.

Nothing was said about the damaged wall, so Mrs. Penge concluded that Ladbroke was trying to give the impression that someone else was to blame. When he left the next day, she learned that he had gone on a long business trip.

Penge was also away, and his wife wrote to tell him what had happened. Furious, he sent an angry letter to Mrs. Ladbroke, making abusive references to her husband and to his behaviour on this and previous occasions.

In fact, Ladbroke had not knocked down the wall, and he sued Penge for damages for libel. Penge realized that he had been too hasty, but produced an ingenious defence in court.

"For someone to be libelled," he told the judge, "there must be a 'publication' of the libellous words, to a person other than the victim. By a rule of English law, husband and wife are commonly regarded as one person—therefore it's impossible for me to have libelled Ladbroke, because his wife is the only person who saw my letter.

"In any case," he added, "I wrote in the heat of the moment—and you will agree that, at the time, I had good cause to be annoyed."

In reply, Ladbroke argued that Penge's inability to control his temper was no excuse. "As for husband and wife being one person," he went on, "that rule is for the benefit of married people, to preserve their privacy. It's not intended to shelter a libeller like Penge.

"I am entitled to damages from him."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 28

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

Continued from page 19

reasonable comfort. On the following morning, I wakened from a sound sleep to find that my shirt had a huge scorch mark on it!

One morning after I had been in jail a week, I went out rather earlier than usual to the latrine. To my surprise and pleasure, the first person I saw was Denis, who appeared to have reasonable liberty within the limits of the courtyard of the house in which he was kept.

He was taking exercise, one end of his beat bringing him close to the crazy-walled latrine I was visiting. As the sentry was standing some yards away, throwing stones into the stream below us, I risked giving Denis a quiet hail which, by good fortune, he heard. In this way, we established first contact—later devising means of communicating more fully with one another, though we came near to discovery on several occasions.

Gradually, I pieced together what had happened to him. At the end of his six months' sentence for "opposing the humanitarian policies of the Chinese," he was visited by an unknown Chinese who reminded him that his sentence had expired, declaring: "Although you have not fully recognized your errors, the camp headquarters believes that, inwardly, you are sorry for your mistake. As a result, your sentence in prison is over."

Denis began to think of getting his belongings together to move back to the compound. "Fine," he said. "When shall I be leaving?"

"Your sentence is over," said the Chinese visitor. "You stay here."

So the same prison life had continued for Denis for another five months in exactly the same way except that, just before Christmas, 1952, he had been moved here from a lonely hut on the hillside just above the village containing the annexe to the camp.

Now, it seemed, he was receiving visits from Big Chu, who was trying to persuade him to sign a document that he would "co-operate" with the camp headquarters if they returned him to one or other of the compounds—by which they meant him to act as informer for them on activities in the camp. How they had underestimated Denis! It was a great comfort to have him close by.

The Chinese suspected that I had been engaged in escape activities—indeed, they had a certain amount of evidence that this was so—but it was evidence of a very limited nature and they could not reveal the source. Having failed to extract a confession from me, they left me for several weeks in solitary confinement without further examination as a punishment. When my case was taken up again, sufficient time had elapsed for them to try a different angle without losing face.

It was Chen Chung Hwei who finally came to see me, wearing an oily smile and avoiding any mention of my offences or of my confinement in the outhouse. As soon as he spoke, I knew that he had been sent to obtain some sort of confession. I waited to see if he was about to offer a bargain that I could accept.

"You are a very foolish man," said Chen Chung Hwei, as if chiding me for betting on the last horse in the race. "I think you are tired of being separated from your friends."

I agreed that I would like to see my friends again. Chen nodded. "Now, I think you have broken the camp regulations on several occasions?" I made no comment, waiting for the proposal.

"For instance, you have appeared late on the morning roll-call four times. And you have sometimes been on the roll-call improperly dressed—not wearing your hat."

This was the bargain: I was ready to come to terms for my freedom. On the following day, I signed a statement that I had broken the regulations relating to roll-call and that I would try not to break them again. With a smile, Chen pocketed the documents.

"I will ask the camp commander to refer your case to your company headquarters for punishment," he said. "I think you may be released now that you have recognized your mistakes."

I was released on Easter Saturday. On Sunday, with great joy, I saw Denis walking into the compound. It was a truly happy Easter!

I soon observed that, since the date of the agreement by the Chinese to reopen truce negotiations, amenities in the compound had been greatly improved. The food was infinitely better; new washbowls were brought in, and there were many more of them. Tobacco rations were increased; razors were issued; three boxes of matches were given monthly to each prisoner.

Unknown to us, camp headquarters controlled yet another compound in

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addition to Nos. 1 and 2 Companies and the annexe (No. 4 Company). There was a No. 3 Company, containing those captives from the other-rank camps who had proved so dangerous to the Chinese that they had required special confinement.

Now, with the prospect of the outside world hearing first-hand details about our living conditions from the sick and wounded released under the agreement, the wretched lives of these men were suddenly improved a hundred-fold, and a number were permitted to visit us to engage in sports contests: softball, basketball, volleyball, and British soccer.

I had often been told by the Chinese and North Koreans how bitterly our men hated their officers; how we despised them. This was always a remark which hurt, but I had never foreseen an opportunity to refute it such as occurred when we saw the men who were comrades from our own units. We stood on our square after prolonged handshakes, quite unable to express fully our great joy at meeting again. Several minutes passed before we could even begin to exchange news.

Manacled In Boxes

The story that these men had to tell appalled us. Like us, they had been subjected to the minor punishments of standing to attention for long periods, beatings, and prolonged examinations. But the experiences of some had been even worse. Godwin, Corporals Upjohn and Hartigan, Privates Flynn, Haines, and Lance-Corporal Matthews among others had been manacled and confined in boxes, six by three feet, for up to six months.

Corporal Walters, my operator, had suffered such confinement for a lesser period; but had also been compelled to stand to attention for over forty hours on one occasion, until he collapsed. Fusilier Kinne, with whom I had been kept in the south during the late spring of 1951, had been kicked so savagely during a beating-up in jail that he had sustained a double rupture and now was no longer able to walk properly.

Yet all these men had stood out against the demands of their captors and refused to "co-operate." The notes our visitors had brought contained amplification of the accounts they had given us; and we could only hope that, at last, their sufferings were almost at an end.

To our delight, the truce talks were resumed with every sign of making progress. As the prospect of peace drew nearer, so our conditions improved.

From our extra rations we saved a certain amount for Coronation Day, which we knew was near from letters. No. 1 Company had prepared a considerable amount of rice and potato wine in secret vats; we had kept back saki. Denis and I were both warned on the evening of June 1 that any attempt to celebrate Coronation Day would result in severe punishment. No warning was given in No. 1 Company, but Sam was arrested early in the morning of June 1.

Coronation Feast

Largely owing to Chang's anxiety not to have trouble at a time when the truce seemed near, the Chinese staff remained out of the way while we had our Coronation meal on the evening of June 2. Our festivities went off without incident, though the Chinese looked in through the window at the outset to see what was happening.

We were all ready for trouble, for we had put up the Queen's picture—hidden safely for just this moment—and a crown that Arthur made. The singing of the National Anthem, too, went off without incident for the first time in our captivity.

In No. 1 Company, however, Sun, supported by others, came in to the party given by the British under Paul—the next senior to Sam—and tried to snatch the cake made in secret from materials laboriously collected. All he actually got was the plate.

So menacing was his reception by this time that he and the other Chinese leaped through the window and turned out the guard. After a good deal of confusion in the darkness—the lights were turned off at the main by Sulky Tien—the party dispersed, well-satisfied with their contribution to Her Majesty's celebrations.

In the absence of the marine colonel, Denis had discussed with the next senior American officer certain draft orders regarding the behaviour of the United Nations' captives in the event of a truce and the exchange of prisoners of war. It was felt that these were necessary in order that we should maintain a correct attitude towards the Chinese in all camps; that there should be neither fraternization, nor acts of violence by hot-heads.

An order was written and copies issued secretly. These were eventually circulated, unknown to the Chinese, to all camps except those holding recently captured prisoners in staging areas south of the Taedong River. In No. 1 Company, this order had been read out by Sam—the senior officer in the compound. In our compound, it was read out by the compound leader, the major of the United States Marines, sentenced at the same time as Denis at a mock trial in early 1952.

The Chinese got to know of both these incidents, though there were no Chinese present during the reading. Perhaps because they knew that we still retained control within the compounds, camp headquarters became particularly watchful and nervous. In late June, I was re-arrested.

On this occasion, I occupied the room formerly used by Denis in February-March. Four nights of examination followed. The fourth night's interrogation was the longest: I was questioned and harangued until dawn, when it seemed to me that my inquisitors were as exhausted as I was. Later, after I had slept for a time, and when I was quite alone, I tried to puzzle out what they were getting at.

The questions had referred to the Coronation, to the orders issued about our behaviour in the event of a truce, and to escape activities—concerning which they were evidently guessing. But none of these points had been pressed. I had been told to confess to my crime—yet nothing specific seemed to have been mentioned. I could not understand it.

Solved The Mystery

On July 19, I had the good fortune to find out what it was all about.

Visiting the latrine, I managed to make a brief contact with Guido, who had come down to the village on a labour detail in the hope of seeing me. He told me of an attempt to assassinate the camp commander.

"What's happened in the truce talks?" I asked him. "Are they coming together again after the release of the prisoners by Syngman Rhee?"

"Well," said Guido, "General Nam Il says——" But I was not to learn what he said. At this crucial moment, an interrogator appeared and almost tore us apart in his fury. To my dismay, Guido was marched away and I was returned to my room. From that hour on, a Chinese orderly lived with me night and day, except during interrogation. I had no opportunity to make any further contacts.

However, Guido's words had served to enlighten me on the question of my guilt.

A few days before my arrest, Guido and Walt, an American fighter-pilot, while on a detail chasing pigs that had escaped from the sty, managed to slip

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that Penge's anger at the time he wrote the letter was not a defence. Further, the rule that husband and wife are one person in law is to guard the privacy of marriage. Therefore, Penge's letter to Mrs. Ladbroke was sufficient "publication" to make him liable. Ladbroke won his case, and Penge had to pay him damages. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"I was cut off"

away. The two had stayed out several hours, making a general reconnaissance of the area in case the need to escape arose, returning of their own accord.

Evidently camp headquarters had been perplexed by this. To them, it seemed that these two had gone off for one of two reasons: either to escape—which they had not done; or to make contact with secret agents in the hills. It was a constant bogy of theirs that every boulder, every tree hid a secret agent—the Oriental mind has been so busy with secret plots for centuries past that it has a congenital plot-complex.

But although they were wrong about Guido's activities on this occasion, they had not been wrong, apparently, about the agent. On the day following my arrest—an arrest aimed at finding out who Guido had contacted, supposedly on Denis's and my orders—a Korean had walked up to Ding as he left his house, and discharged a revolver at him.

Unfortunately, he missed. The only injury Ding had sustained was a graze from stumbling in his flight from the would-be assassin—who had been killed by guards a few seconds later.

Having no evidence against me, but convinced by their imagination, the Chinese were now hoping that I would confess that we had sent Guido and Walt out to identify Ding, by means of a photograph, to the man who had been sent as executioner.

It began to look as if I was in a very difficult position. I could only hope that the proximity of a truce would continue to save me extreme pressure in interrogation as, very probably, it had saved me until then. How I wished I had heard what General Nam Il said!

Angry, Frightened Man

When Big Chu visited me, I knew that something important was going to happen. After two hours' conversation one afternoon, he went away. At a quarter past eight that evening, I was taken before Ding and formally charged with being an accomplice in the attempt on his life.

I had never seen Ding more angry; nor more frightened. He smoked incessantly and his hands trembled. He was a changed man from the Ding who had lectured to us so confidently early in 1952 and, before my arrival, threatened those who were "the people's enemies" with life imprisonment.

Though Ding spoke for over an hour, what he actually said was this: a truce was near, but I would not benefit from it as he had every right to hold me prisoner for committing an offence against international law. If I confessed to Denis's part, I would be released, having acted under his orders. But failure to confess would be interpreted as a hostile act, clearly demonstrating that I was in sympathy with the crime. It was up to me.

I returned to my cell with my escort, where I remained for several days without receiving further visits. Then, on the morning of July 27 a Chinese whom I had never seen before came into my cell carrying a long paper rolled up in his hand. "Read that," he said.

I took it from him and unrolled it, expecting to see a sentence of imprisonment. It was a formal notice signed by General Wang Yang-kung stating that the truce would come into effect that morning at eleven o'clock. I asked the time and he showed me his watch. It was a quarter to eleven.

That night, Big Chu returned. He read a confession by the American colonel who had signed the order defining our conduct in the camps after the truce came into effect. He added that this colonel, the senior major in No. 1 Company, and Sam had been given prison sentences—a year each for Sam and the colonel, six months for the major.

I asked to see Sam's confession. "He has not confessed," said Big Chu. "He is very stubborn man who refuses to admit his mistakes."

The whole point of showing me these confessions and sentences was to impress on me that they could keep captives under sentence after the others had gone home. I said nothing further and he left me.

Released From His Cell

On August 5, the day the first prisoners started for home, I was released—the last member but one of the prisoners kept in isolation in the village. Ding had released me without a confession. He knew that he had no right to keep me, though there had been times when I wondered how far he would take his bluff.

The whole atmosphere in the compound had changed. Our attitude was one of impatience to depart, mingled with doubts that our captors would fulfil their part of the bargain. They had tricked us so often in the past, and we had looked forward to this day so much, that, now it had arrived, we could not bring ourselves to believe absolutely that it was all coming true.

But day by day the Peking Radio news bulletins gave details of the exchange at Panmunjom, describing the affecting scenes when their own men returned from the cruel United Nations' command—and the reluctance with which United Nations' captives left Communist custody to return once more to the harsh capitalist world.

On August 17 we left our compound for ever. A convoy of trucks arrived in the morning rain; we climbed aboard and drove down along the rough track to the road, passing for the last time the few houses near the compound fence, and the schoolhouse where the track joined the road.

Outside the main gate of No. 1 Company Compound, the trucks stopped; we were told to dismount and go inside. The first person I met inside the school-house door was Sandy, the Rifles doctor. "The Colonel's back," he said. "He's over there."

I pushed my way through the crowds in the old library, squeezing between little knots of excited people who were exchanging the news of the two compounds. Near the end of the room, I stopped for a second to look at the Colonel, before taking my place in a queue of men who were anxious to

"Look!" says John, *"Mummy has brought out the Robinson's Barley Water. Come on Pat, let's make a dive for it!"*
There's nothing children like better, and it's jolly good for them too. The combination of lemon, barley and glucose is just the thing to quench a thirst and replace spent energy.

THREE SHILLINGS A BOTTLE
Lemon or Orange

CVS-38

Why Mummy..
. . . why do they tar underneath a boat?
"You see darling, the tar does three things. It fills up the cracks and joints in the wood, protects the wood from the salt water, and from the sun when the boat is lying on the beach."
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FOR DARK FLOORS USE DARK MANSION

"—and there I was, up in this jet"

To earthbound people, jet aircraft—an unseen whine in the sky or a plume-trailing dot against the blue—are strictly for supermen. When I put this point of view to the Royal Air Force, they didn't argue with me. "Try it," they said, "and see for yourself."

And that's how it happens that I, a middle-aged parent, with no flying experience, find myself climbing into the twin-seated cockpit of a de Havilland 'Vampire' Trainer at Little Rissington, the Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force.

We are kitted up and buckled in. The pilot tests the switches and controls. When the starter button is pressed a low whine breaks out from the engine. It climbs higher and higher as the revolution counter mounts to the 3,000 mark. At this speed the fuel is ignited and the jet bursts into life. Now there is a feeling (but no more) of immense power flowing through the aircraft. The wheel chocks are whipped away, we head for the runway, and off we go in a smooth, relentless surge towards the horizon. At 110 knots the nose lifts and we are airborne. It is unexpectedly silent as the low landscape slips behind us and the airspeed indicator climbs to 250 . . . 300 . . . 350 knots. Already we are 1,000 feet up and the Cotswold countryside becomes a map. At 15,000 feet the aircraft might be suspended in space. And that's the way I find it: the watcher from the ground sees a speck of an aircraft being flung about the sky. But up here I have no feeling of speed. Now and again as we loop or roll, the horizon does curious things. What, I ask, is going around whom? From time to time, as we dive or bank, new and unexpected forces press me strongly into my seat and load my hands and feet with invisible weights. But the sensation of speed—shrill, stomach-lifting, scenic-railway speed—is entirely absent. Nor am I nervous. The effect of these unseen forces on my unconditioned body is to produce a curious dreamlike sensation. All the same I find time to enjoy a view of most of Southern England laid out before me: Oxford, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bristol—and the westering sun glinting off the sea beyond. The pilot presses a button and speaks to the control tower. "Steer 110 degrees," says a metallic voice. The horizon swings round and we head for home. The runway places itself in position ahead of us, comes up, flows past us and, with a gentle shudder, firmly attaches itself to our wheels.

Being flown in a jet clearly does not call for supermen. And the Royal Air Force does not expect to find supermen ready-made to fly them. It is looking for young men who possess the personal qualities, flying aptitude and high medical standards needed to fly and navigate modern fighting aircraft. In addition to entry through the R.A.F. College, Cranwell, there are the new Direct Commissions for pilots and navigators in the General Duties (flying) Branch which offer a good prospect of making a career in the Royal Air Force. As in all professions it depends largely on individual merit how far one goes in the Service. The best have excellent prospects of rising to high rank; for others there will be the opportunity of a pensionable appointment normally up to the age of fifty. Alternatively, an officer who wishes to return to civil life may leave the Service at the end of twelve years with a gratuity of £3,000, or after eight years with a gratuity of £1,500, both gratuities tax free. The table below gives brief details of this and other methods of entry. If you would like fuller information you should write to: Under-Secretary of State, Air Ministry (J.B.207), Adastral House M.R.2, London, W.C.2, giving details of your age and education and any other facts that may help the Air Ministry to assess your suitability for a commission.

METHOD OF ENTRY	AGE LIMITS	EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS
Cranwell Cadetship	17½—19	*Civil Service Commission Examination*
Direct Commission	17½—26	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*
From a University	20—26	*Normal degree at recognised university*
*National Service**	*During Service*	*General Certificate of Education Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent*

** For subsequent flying in the R.Aux.A.F.*

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

"I don't want to disturb Tabby"

shake his hand. He was very thin; his face was drawn and his eyes tired. Seeing him there, I really began to believe for the first time that the Chinese intended to release us.

He had been in solitary confinement for nineteen months.

Our departure was delayed for two days by the heavy summer rains. Sections of the road eastward to Manpo-Jin—the entraining point—had been washed away.

On the morning of August 19, the motor column moved out of Pyn-Chong-ni to the east and two days later, after travelling by train from Manpo-Jin through Pyongyang, we drew up in Kaesong station, which I had not seen since I detrained there with my battalion in November, 1950, just prior to the advance north.

The staging area consisted of a series of tented camps south-east of Kaesong, set on the sides of the small, rolling hills that lie between the jagged peaks round the town and the river-shore. After one night in the first camp we entered, we were moved to another over the hill, but left the sergeants behind. Sam and the others hitherto held apart joined us. At last, we were all together.

Last Moment Hold-up

The standard of the food deteriorated as the days passed, and it did not increase our happiness to discover that we had been brought south merely to mark time within sight of our own lines. Our only advantage lay in the fact that we were near enough to have a better chance of escape if something went wrong.

After eight days, repatriation began from our camp. Every night about ten of our number would go out; a proportion being taken from each nationality represented. Every day one hoped that one might be lucky that night, and after each disappointment, there was always the hope that tomorrow might bring better luck.

The Colonel was taken out one afternoon. We awaited his return anxiously, discussing what action we should take if, at the last moment, they tried to hold him back. He returned after about half an hour, however, to tell us that he had been taken over the hill to the sergeants' camp for an interview with Wilfred Burchett, correspondent of the French newspaper *L'Humanité*, who had reported from the Communist side of the line for some considerable time.

The interview had been designed to obtain the Colonel's views on his captivity—in particular his solitary confinement. The Colonel had given him a very concise reply: "The food was rotten, and I was damned bored!"

It was Randle of the 8th Hussars who told me the news one evening. He came running up from the dining-hall as I came down the path from the hill above. "They're calling the names," he said, "and they've called yours! They're sending out a really big bunch tonight and you're in it."

I was with the Colonel and Denis; Sam was just ahead of us; Sid was coming back from the crowd in the dining-hall, who were listening to Chang reading out the names. "I'm down for repatriation, Sid," I said. "I can hardly believe it."

"Neither can I," said Sid. "I'm coming with you!"

We collected our belongings and said our farewells. A truck took us into Kaesong, where we were accommodated for the night in an old temple. Many of our sergeants were already there, and some of our men. I thought I should find it difficult to rest, but I fell asleep almost as soon as I had pulled my blanket over me.

We rose at dawn and, by seven thirty, were ready on a square outside the temple walls to embus in the convoy of trucks drawn up nearby.

The trucks were called forward, drawing up a few feet from us. Steps were brought forward to save us the effort of clambering over the back. Chang got into a truck with Carl and me; he was very affable on the surface, and gave us the information that we were due to be handed over at nine o'clock exactly. Beneath his affability, I could see that he was very nervous. I have an idea that he feared that we might do him violence on the last lap of the journey.

The Road To Freedom

Chang began to point out other places of interest, but my eyes did not follow his directions. Some little way ahead, and growing nearer every second, I saw an area into which helicopters were descending. The truck halted for a moment before turning right on the main Panmunjom road, littered with good American boots and clothing which the returning Chinese and North Korean prisoners had cast off as they returned to their own side.

Now I could see tents and the unmistakable white helmets of American military police. Before I could realize it, we had pulled up near the tents, Chang had jumped off, and a pair of steps had been put against the back of the truck. An American began to call out our names as he and a Chinese checked them against a list.

I did not need my bundle of belongings any more. It remained by the seat on which I had been sitting. I suddenly realized that it was a very hot morning as I came down the steps into the sunlight to be clapped on the back by an American soldier who led me towards a wooden arch marked: "Welcome Gate to Freedom."

I passed through. It was nine o'clock on August 31, 1953. THE END

"The Edge Of The Sword" is published as a book by Frederick Muller, price 12s. 6d.

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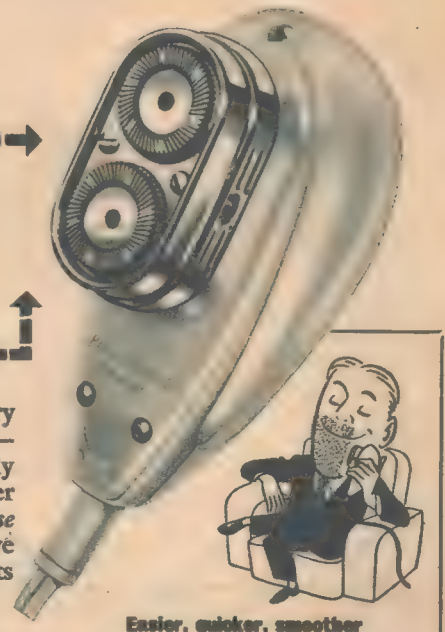

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I thought he was the man for the job...

UNTIL HE TURNED TO GO

What lost him this wonderful opportunity? What evidence of carelessness did he reveal when he turned to leave? It was something *he* knew nothing about, unsightly dandruff on the back of his jacket. It may seem unfair but the signs of dandruff *do* let one down. And it can all be so easily avoided... with the aid of Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion. The treatment was evolved many years ago but the demand for it continues to grow swiftly for one powerful reason... it is the most effective treatment of all! Ask for Dr. Page Barker's Scurf and Dandruff Lotion at your chemists or hairdressers. Only 3/2d. a bottle, large size 4/4d.

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Read how the mother of a boy like this learned by experience. She writes :

"... My little boy fell and cut his knee and for weeks I tried to heal it and spent shillings on different ointments until I tried yours (Germolene). After a week my son's leg was healed ..."

(Signed) Mrs. D. T., Cheshire.

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The ointment that stimulates natural healing processes.

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for **ABRASIONS, SPOTS, CUTS, SORE FEET RASHES and EVERYDAY SKIN AILMENTS**

NIGHTMARE IN COPENHAGEN

Continued from page 24

be in a position to insist on their terms."

"But simply kill Anders."

"No. Exchange man against man, perhaps, instead of the explosive."

Helga did not respond.

"Helga," he said, "let me go."

She shook her head in violent denial.

Richard stepped closer to her. "You can keep me a prisoner here," he said, "for days on end. But you cannot force me to reveal where the container has been buried. Don't think you can make a man speak who has made up his mind to remain silent." *As Anders is silent,* he thought, *as Anders has remained silent until now.* "And another thing: I can leave, Helga. You can't keep me here for ever. It would be useless. I may not have the explosive myself, but at least I know the Russians haven't got it, either."

"Will you leave Anders to die?"

He didn't answer, and after a long while Helga said, in a small, defeated voice: "I loved you once, Richard. I was jealous of every letter Anders got from you. I was living for this day—the day when you would finally say: 'There's a girl I have to see,' and drop everything."

It was the first time since he had arrived that Helga had mentioned any personal feeling for him. But the moment was doomed.

"And now—and now—" her voice faltered—"the man I have been waiting for is blackmailing me, and the life of my brother is the price."

For the second they stared at each other, lost in horror. What had become of them? Who had made them behave in this way? For it was true. He was blackmailing her.

There was nothing he could say, and because he could say nothing to explain away what he had to do, he held out his arms. Would she understand that the part he was playing was as foreign to him as it was to her, a part that frightened him?

FOR a moment he became the man she had expected, a man in love. And Helga, as though driven by a desperate need for reassurance, came to him. He held her as he had dreamed of holding her, feeling her body close.

At first she stood very still, her head bowed, then she lifted her face, her eyes closed and her lips parted to receive his kiss.

How long their embrace lasted, neither knew. Richard was the first to remember that time was running out. How easy—how beautifully easy it would be to say: *"Helga, beloved, don't worry any longer. The explosive is right here. As soon as we have proof that Anders is alive, we will hand it over in exchange for your brother."*

Gently he let her go, and even then, when she had moved away from him, he let a few minutes pass to give her time to collect herself.

"If you would only trust me," he said, "if you would only understand. I swear I'm not thinking now of getting hold of the container."

"My bicycle is in the shed at the left of the house where the garden tools are kept." She wasn't looking at him; she was opening her bag. "Here are the keys to your car. They told me you left it near Helsingor. If you take the short cut, past the fork, you can get there in about twenty minutes. Here is Severin's address in Kejsergade. I expect you back by six o'clock in the evening at the latest. Ten of the twenty-four hours allotted to us will have passed by then."

She rose and went to the door. Richard followed. They paused at the doorway, listening: the house was perfectly still.

"I'll see if everybody is asleep," she said. "I'll open the back door for you. Wait ten minutes. If I'm not back by then to warn you, go. Pretend you're on your way to your room, just in case." She turned. "Richard," she said, "Richard, take care that nothing happens to you."

RICHARD crossed the Stroget, Copenhagen's busiest street. In daylight he might have noticed the difference between this brimming, modern part of the city and the one he reached a few minutes later. As it was, he was not aware of any contrast except that here, in the Latin Quarter, the showcases were not lighted up and the shops were small and dingy.

Once a policeman stopped him, walking leisurely up to him. "Know your way, sir?"

"Kejsergade."

"To your right." Saluting, he turned away, and Richard, watching him disappear, wondered suddenly if the Danish police, like the English, carried no arms.

The house in Kejsergade was small and narrow, with three storeys. Severin's bell was the top one. Richard rang, waited and rang again. There was no answer. He walked away, across the street, to see if any light showed behind a window. The house lay in complete darkness. He went back to the entrance door and rang again; this time pressing the bell without taking his finger off it.

After a little while he heard a small noise above him. A window on the first floor was being opened; then a woman's voice called softly into the dark. "Forgotten your key again, Herre Severin?"

There was no need to answer, for almost at once, from behind the door, came the patter of high-heeled slippers on uncarpeted stairs. A moment later the door opened and, afraid that the woman, seeing a stranger, might close it in his face, Richard hastened to explain.

"I am a friend of Otto Severin's," he said. "I arrived today. I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

She was elderly, with thin, greying hair and a scarf across her shoulders. She looked at him hesitatingly. "It's late," she said. "I don't know if I should let you in."

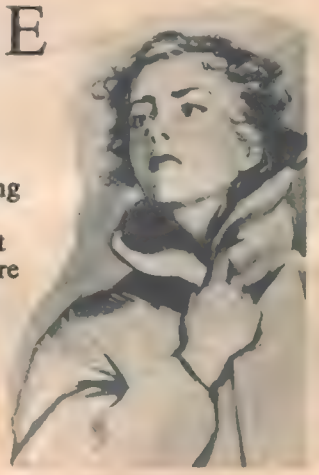
From this, Richard guessed that she was the owner of the house, and he smiled.

"I expected him to put me up," he said. "I don't know what could have happened to him. I phoned him this morning and told him that I might be

VOICE ON THE MOUNTAIN

I SHALL never forget Helen's voice, calling to her son: it was the most pathetic sound I ever heard. For she knew that a few hours on Scafell in such a storm were enough to kill anyone. And Tim, only six years old, had been up there all night....

Do not miss this moving story by Dudley Hoys which appears ...



NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

arriving rather late, and he said it was perfectly all right."

The woman looked at him, her blue eyes narrowing. "There's no phone in this house."

"I rang him at the lab."

Her eyes grew kinder again. Apparently the fact that he was familiar with the place where Severin worked reassured her. She opened the door wider. "Come on in, then, and try his door. He may be home after all. Sometimes he's so absorbed in his work that you could drop a bomb and he wouldn't know it."

Richard climbed two steep flights of stairs. On the third, a window stood open and he stopped, automatically making sure that, in case of need, it would serve as a way of escape. Then, from below, he heard a light, immediately stifled cough. It told him that the woman had not gone back to her apartment, but was waiting to find out if Severin were in or if the stranger would have to come downstairs again.

Richard knocked at the door, on which a rather dirty visiting card hung askew on a drawing pin. "Otto," he called under his breath, just loud enough for the woman to hear. "It's me. It's Richard."

Quite suddenly, the door opened. Simultaneously, he could hear a door three floors below close.

"Oh," said Severin. "It's only you."

His voice sounded so obviously relieved that Richard was startled. Severin still wore the coat in which, several hours before, he had appeared at the farm. He stepped aside to let Richard enter.

THE room was small and poorly furnished. A half-drawn curtain hid the bed in one corner. On a dilapidated chest, a spirit stove stood amid the remnants of a meal. Books were stacked up in high, uneven piles against the wall. A desk, cluttered with writing materials, took up most of the narrow floor space. On it lay Severin's soft, shapeless felt hat, next to an ashtray filled with countless cigarette ends.

These surroundings seemed so unfit for a man who undoubtedly was being paid a handsome salary that Richard glanced about him in surprise. A student's room—one who was hard up, at that. What did Severin do with his money?

As though Severin were able to read his mind, he said: "I told you that Anders gave me the key to his flat. That's where I spend the best part of my time. There or at the lab. I just sleep here."

"You heard the bell," said Richard. "Why didn't you answer?"

"I thought it was someone else."

Severin, Richard saw, was deadly pale. A vein in his left temple was hammering in quick, nervous beats. Now he looked up as if he were still not sure who was standing before him. His head was shaking, his teeth were chattering.

Richard was seized by a cold anger. "What a coward you are!"

Severin's voice was hardly audible. "If you were in my place you'd be just as unnerved."

IN a flash, Richard remembered a scene earlier in this long, long day—the moment when his hands had closed around this man's throat. Then Severin, instead of being frightened or stunned like any normal man, had reacted with nothing more than irritation. Richard stared at him, his eyes narrowing. "Who is the man you're working for?"

Severin looked up; then suddenly, like someone gone unexpectedly insane, he rushed over to the door and bolted it.

"Has anyone seen you come here? Have you been watched? Has anybody followed you to this house?"

His panic did not seem real. He was panting, his lips were trembling. What did he think he could gain by pretending to fear someone outside this room?

Richard grabbed Severin's frail, bony shoulders and shook him mercilessly. "Stop acting, Severin!" he shouted. "It won't do you any good! Stop acting, I tell you!"

"You fool," said Severin, as he had said this morning. "I'm not acting. Can't you see what's real and what isn't?"

Some of the old arrogance had returned to his voice, but the pupils of his eyes kept moving rapidly, like those of a bird, unable to focus. "I'm not afraid of you. I'm afraid of them."

Richard began to shake him again. "Who are they?"

"Who are they?" Severin repeated. "As if we ever know. They are everywhere. Everywhere. I never thought they would find me, but they did." He ducked from under Richard's hands and moved towards the table. "And when I saw they'd found me, I tried to act as if. . . ." He shook his head. "I thought I could carry it off, but I can't." He unlocked a drawer

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"I'm afraid I'll be in rather late today. My wife's not at all well"

and took from it a sheet of paper. "Here."

It was the beginning of a letter:

"I, Otto Blancke, living under the name of Otto Severin in Kejsergade, Copenhagen, swear hereby that I never had any part in the abduction of Anders Oersted; that until the evening of July 24 at eight o'clock I was convinced that Doctor Oersted had suffered a fatal accident. At eight o'clock on the said evening, my landlady handed me a note that had been delivered by a child. It informed me that Oersted, accused of theft and espionage, was being held by the Russian secret police (see enclosed message) and ordered me to proceed without delay to his farm to act as an intermediary on his behalf. Precise instructions on the message said——"

RICHARD stopped reading. How could Severin imagine he would fall for such a naive alibi? "If you think——"

"But it's true."

"Really, Severin, you can't ask me to believe such rot."

"You must believe me!" Severin, forgetting all caution and the late hour of the night, was shouting, shouting and hammering on the table.

Richard looked at him coldly. "To whom were you writing this, Severin?"

"To Helga, of course."

"Why didn't you tell us about this at the farm?"

"I didn't dare," said Severin. "At that time, I didn't know what I was doing. Something just made me behave as I was told to behave."

"The same something that made you come home and compose this little piece of evidence?"

"I came home," said Severin gently, "and wrote this letter because I was going to commit suicide." He pointed to a small, green bottle on the desk near his hat. "You get tired of being hunted all your life, and it was the only way out I could think of."

"Then you thought better of it?"

"You interrupted me, Mr. Parker. Look at this."

He handed Richard a white sheet of paper. It was typewritten, some of the letters were jumbled, the margin was uneven, just what one would expect of such a note, and it gave the instructions which he had seen Severin carry out.

Richard sat down on one of the stacks of books and lighted a cigarette. He didn't think of offering one to Severin. "Instead of going home, you could have gone to the police, once you regained your senses, as you say you did."

"I thought of it," said Severin quietly, "but I decided against it."

"Why? Still sleep-walking?"

"Because I was afraid they would retaliate."

Something in Severin's voice, some note of real despair, stopped Richard from making another sarcastic remark. And as if Severin had only waited for the chance to speak uninterruptedly, he came over to Richard.

"You see," he said, "if I had not—if my father were not living in the Russian Zone, I would never have panicked in the first place."

That envelope Severin had dropped in Anders's flat. The postmark: Ribnitz, Germany.

"Your father?" Richard said.

"My father," repeated Severin. "I'm all he's got. My mother and sister were killed during the raid on Dresden. He thought I had died, too. He was safe, safe in Berlin; then he heard I was trapped in the Russian Zone. In Ribnitz. And, like a fool, he came there. He found me, and there we were, united after years of separation, but under Russian rule. From then on he planned and plotted to get us away, but only I succeeded. They got him. He pretended that I'd drowned. And that's why I changed my name from Blancke to Severin."

He got up and started pacing, stumbling into a few pieces of furniture as if he were blind. "After a little while I began to feel safe, to feel I could correspond with him. Officially, understand, I was dead. And now they've found out who I am. Gottfried Blancke's son, alive in Denmark, working at the Solskin works. You saw what they wrote on the message: *'G. B.'s wellbeing is in your hands.'* G. B. is, of course, my father."

HE sighed heavily. "Perhaps you can understand what it means to be responsible for another man's life or death."

"Indeed I can," said Richard. "At this moment I am or will be responsible for Anders Oersted's life or death, and you are the one who has put me in this damnable position."

Severin drew back; his eyes widened, narrowed. "You don't believe me?"

"No," said Richard. "I don't. Not one word."

"Without Anders, I would not be here now," said Severin. "He made it possible for me to escape. I wrote to him. You see, he knew my father, and it was he who advised me how to make my way to freedom. It was he who picked me out of the sea. Do you think I could betray the man who saved my life?"

"Gratitude is not always opportune," said Richard. "Besides, I cannot understand, to begin with, what

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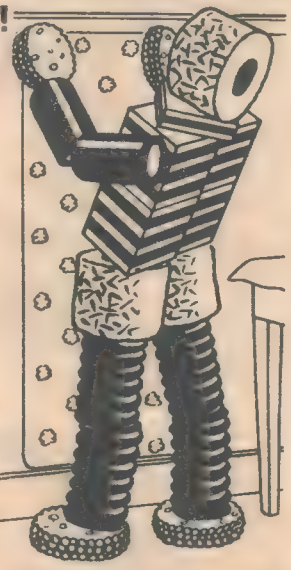

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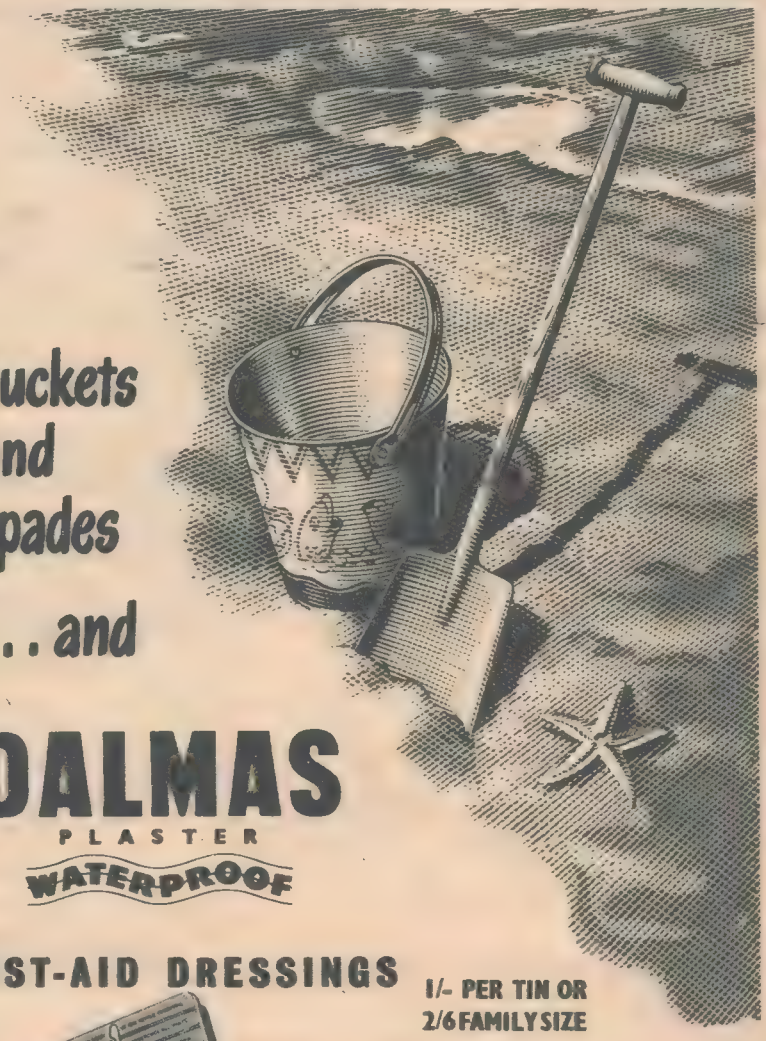

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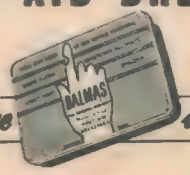

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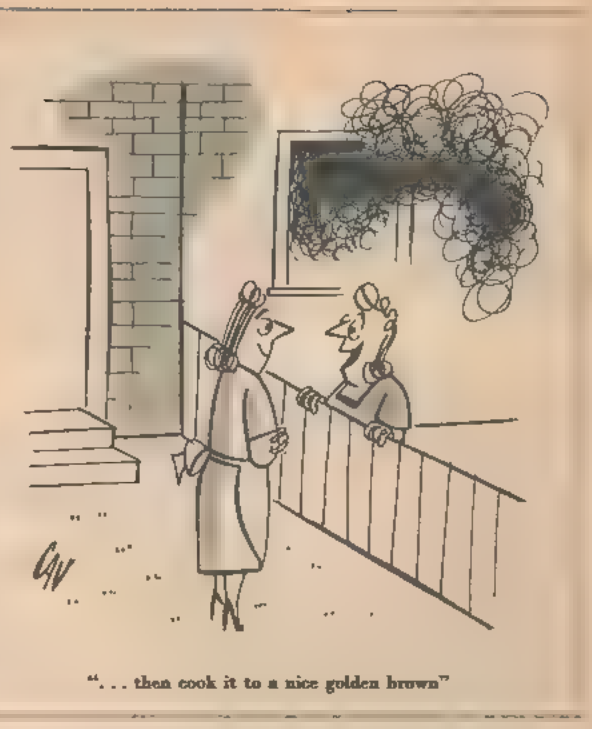


"... then cook it to a nice golden brown"

you mean by Anders picking you out of the sea. Thousands of others made their way into the Western zone by land."

"I tried it several times," said Severin. He straightened a little in unconscious pride. "But my father and I were important to the Communists. They were watching us. On Anders's advice, I tried the sea. One night I took a boat, paddling out as far as I could, and when I was certain that I was close to the patrol boats, I upset my boat and swam. I swam for a long time and when I had almost given up hope there was a rowing boat and Anders."

"A formula was stolen last year, shortly after you started working for him."

For a moment Severin seemed to forget his fears. He grinned. "Did Larsen tell you that, or Frederik Gabel, or Helga, or Ulla Rasmussen?" He shrugged. "They never liked me. They're jealous. They don't like the idea that anybody else is close to Anders."

An expression came into Richard's mind—words he had used only this evening. He had been talking to Ulla. *"At least we know now why Anders never mentioned the explosive to you, and that he had asked me to come. He tried to keep anything that might be dangerous from those he loved."* Ulla Rasmussen had not known that he was coming. Helga had not known it. But neither had Otto Severin. His fury this morning had seemed too genuine for an act. But Larsen had known, and the doctor, and, of course, Mogens.

"When did you first hear about the container Mogens caught in his net?"

"I knew nothing about it until I got the message," Severin said.

"When Anders told you about it, you didn't go and talk to Mogens?"

Severin sat down on his bed. He moved like an old man. "You really don't believe anything I've told you."

"I believe that Anders told you, not about my coming perhaps, but about the explosive. Since it is a German invention, it seems only logical that he should have asked you if you knew anything about it. I believe that you then talked to Mogens, offered him money——"

"What a bad judge of character you are!" Now Severin was sneering, again. Richard was disturbed by his crooked, nicotine-stained teeth. "You could offer Mogens the world and he would not take it if he thought it would harm Anders."

For a moment, Richard was silent, then he asked harshly: "Who sent you the message?"

"I told you I don't know. My landlady said it was delivered by a little boy."

"What if I were to take you to police headquarters and accuse you of instigating Oersted's abduction?"

"I couldn't tell them anything different from what I have told you. And that there are Russian agents in this country they know anyhow."

"You have no idea who sent you the message?"

"None."

"Who was the man you reported to after you left us?"

"I was told to wait for a call at the station in Helsingor. Just as you read in the message."

Even though Severin answered immediately and his voice was steady, something about him had changed. His movements were once more nervous and his eyes were darting. Richard said nothing, but sat quietly, watching fear seize the man again.

"Parker," said Severin after a while, "even if you don't believe me, believe one thing at least. If anyone has seen you come in here, you yourself are in danger. You are an expert on explosives; you also know where the container is."

Richard looked up sharply. He remembered the moment when, in the living-room on the farm, all eyes had fastened on him. Severin, he thought, however automatically he may have been behaving at the time, had not been too dazed to notice it.

"Don't worry about me," he said coldly.

Severin shook his head. "Fool, fool," he whispered. Then his voice rose. "Don't bother to make yourself conspicuous by trying to find out what friends I have. I have none. I was too afraid to get close to anyone. Anders knew that, that's why he let me spend so much time in his company."

"I'm just telling you this so that you won't waste any time in your search for the man who betrayed Anders."

"In fact, you advise me to do nothing at all."

"Anders made enemies of some

people in the Resistance," said Severin, "men who were members of the Bopa. Maybe you remember that the Bopa, the Communist organization, and the Holger Danske, to which Anders belonged, worked hand in hand during the war, united for a time in the same pursuit, but for different reasons. They did not always see eye to eye."

"Trying to cast suspicion on somebody else?"

Severin flared up then. "I thought you were old enough to know that innocence is the hardest thing to prove!"

The man is either a superb actor or I am the worst fool ever to try to unravel a web of political chicanery, thought Richard. He looked at Severin, who had stretched out on his bed. "What else have you got to say?"

"You haven't lived under terror," said Severin. "I have. I know what they can do and how they can do it. You stopped me from committing suicide when I'd finally got myself to the point. Don't be surprised if you find me playing their game from now on. It's either that or death. And I'm afraid of both." He stopped, then added under his breath: "I have all the admiration for you, all the respect you deserve, but watch your step, Parker, if you care to stay alive."

In the end Richard slept in Severin's flat. He slept on the floor after hours of talk had led to nothing. He had tried to confuse Severin, to make him contradict himself, but Severin had repeated steadfastly what he had said before.

When he awoke, it was much later than he had planned to start the day—almost eight o'clock. But he didn't mind. He had needed the sleep, and not much could be achieved before this hour.

"The bathroom is across the hall," said Severin. He lay on his bed, still wrapped in the old overcoat. From the way he looked, Richard was certain he had not closed his eyes. As he searched the dark, intelligent features, he thought uneasily that when he left now there would be no way of telling what Severin was going to do or whom he might see.

"Goodbye," said Severin, again guessing his thoughts. "Don't worry that I'll put anyone on your trail, or report that you're out on your own to find the man responsible for Oersted's abduction."

Richard turned. Severin seemed to be his old self again. An ironical smile pulled at the corners of his thin-lipped mouth, but the glance of his deep, brown eyes was strangely sad.

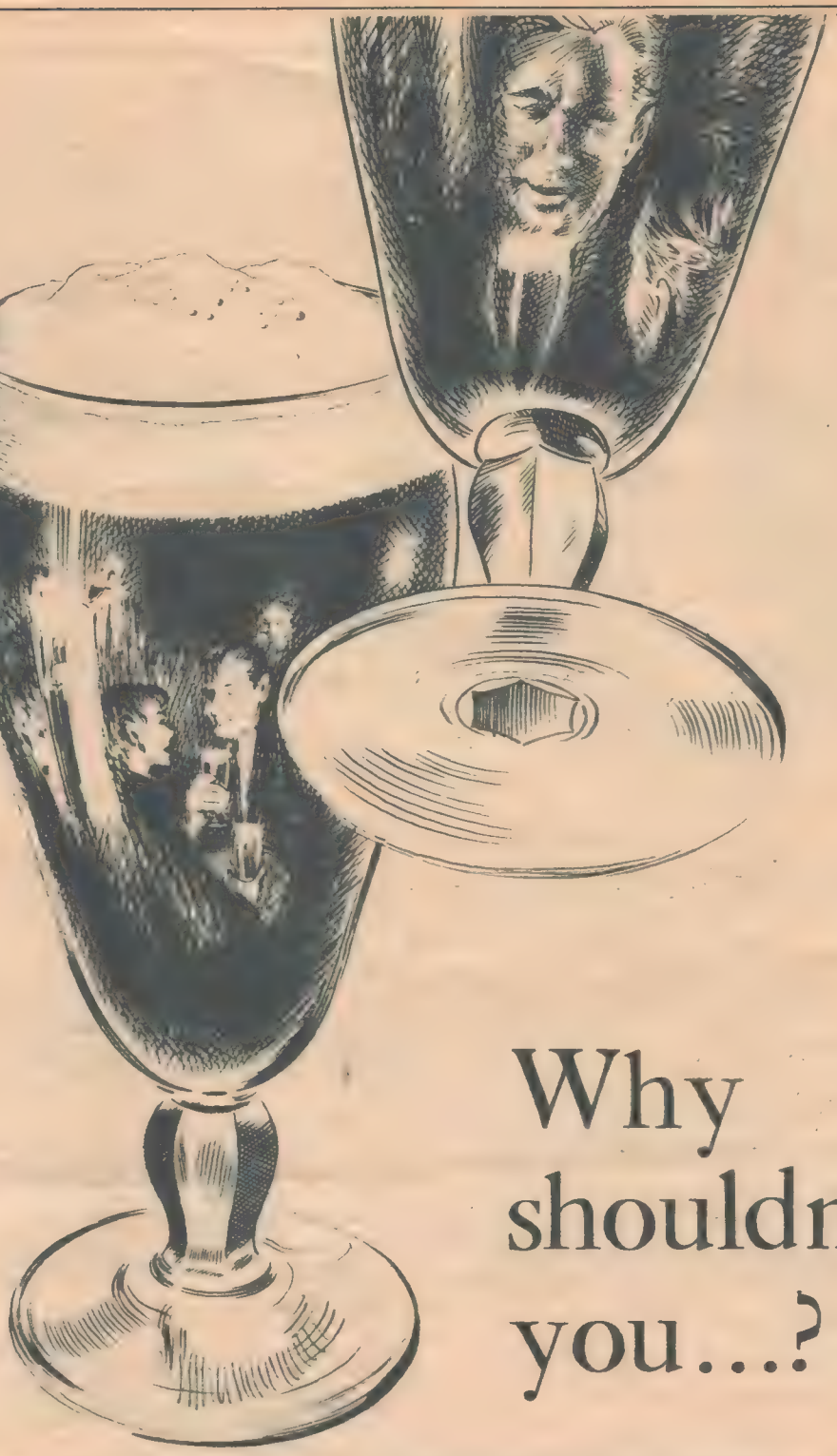
Enemies, thought Richard, enemies. Anders had made enemies among the Resistance fighters. Somehow it was hard to picture that there were people who hated Anders. Anders had never mentioned difficulties with any of his compatriots during the years of Denmark's occupation. Had Severin made it up? And who would know about it? Gabel? Larsen?

As he thought of the two men, the face of a third slipped into his mind, or perhaps he had thought of Petersen, the passport official, unconsciously since he had found, in Anders's safe, the photograph of the little group that had fought together so closely.

A telephone call to Kastrup Airport told him this was Petersen's day off and that he lived in Hojbroplads. It was when he reached the square that Richard had the feeling of being followed. As he parked his car, a blue saloon pulled up sharply a few yards to his left, and when he got out and walked away a man followed him. A small, fair man with nothing distinguished about him, unobtrusive in looks, manners and the way he was dressed.

Nobody, Richard felt sure, had followed him on his bicycle ride to Helsingor or his drive to Copenhagen on his way to Severin. Was Severin under surveillance? And if they were watching Severin, did that mean they did not trust the head chemist of the Solskin works and that some of his unbelievable story was true?

Pretending to be sightseeing, Richard



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walked up to the canal ahead of him. Far away, across a bridge, he could see the palace of Christiansborg, with the premises of the Rigsdag, to his right the Gammel Strand. When he looked over his shoulder he saw the man leaning against the Absalon statue, smoking. Richard went up to him to get a good look at his face.

"That's the Stock Exchange, isn't it?" he said in English, pointing at the beautiful Renaissance building whose copper roof shone greenish blue in the sun. "What an unusual spire!"

The man smiled pleasantly, but shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of regret. "*Jeg forstaa ikke Engelsk.*" He had a round, sunburned face, fair hair and small, blue eyes. His age could have been anything between thirty and forty.

Richard went back to his car, started the engine and drove away. He had not gone far when he saw the blue saloon following him.

It was an odd feeling to know he was being shadowed, a feeling so mixed that it was not easy to define. It filled him with anger and at the same time with a strange kind of excitement, with curiosity as well as with a sense of disbelief. Who was the man and who had put him on his trail? Had Helga told Larsen or Gabel, and had one of them, guessing that he would see Severin, sent him to make sure that he did not go over to Frigga? Or was he imagining it all?

He drove on until he came to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where he parked his car, sat down at a table in the pavement restaurant and ordered breakfast. A few tables away, the man did the same. When he had finished, Richard went inside, inquiring at the desk for a room. They were all taken. He came back to the entrance, and the man stood there, reading a paper. Richard passed him and hailed a cab so quickly that the man, who had apparently thought he would go back to his car, lost him.

Ten minutes later, Richard was back at Hojbroplads, certain that he had thrown off his shadow. A girl opened Petersen's door.

"Sorry," she said. "My grandfather is not in. You'll find him on the Langelinie, taking his usual walk."

As last night, Richard was surprised by the desire of these people to be helpful. "*Tusind tak.*"

The girl smiled, a little flattered that he should attempt to speak her language, but she answered in perfect English: "That's nothing to thank me for. He always sits on one of the benches there."

He made his way, first by taxi, then on foot, to the Langelinie proper, running alongside the harbour. He walked on, looking at the benches. A few minutes later he discovered Petersen.

"Good morning, Herre Petersen."

The old man turned around and looked at him blankly. "I'm afraid you're making a mistake. I don't know you."

"Not really," said Richard. "But I've heard a lot about you from a friend of mine, Anders Oersted."

Petersen smiled at him. "A friend of Anders's is a friend of mine." He held out his hand. "Anders was a good man. More than that. He was a hero. I'll never forget the night when the Germans were ready to seize our fleet. We were going to blow it up and there would be hell to pay, but there he was, dropped from the skies to warn us of——"

"I dropped him several times."

Petersen stepped back, then came closer and peered at Richard.

"My name is Parker. Not that you'd know it. Except perhaps that you may remember I came through Kastrup only a couple of days ago."

The old man took from his coat pocket a paper bag filled with small pieces of dry bread, and threw a handful to the gulls. "Parker, eh?" he said. "British?" He frowned. "But you never said you knew Anders Oersted when I questioned you. 'Tourist,' you said. Now I remember. 'Just put me down as tourist!'" He paused. "But I heard your name before I ever saw it in your passport."

They were walking up the mole now, between the free and the outer harbour.

"Perhaps," said Richard, "Anders mentioned my name after the war, just reminiscing."

"No," said Petersen. "No. That wasn't it." In spite of the little mark he had made on his list, he had forgotten what it was that bothered him about the Englishman.

Richard said, carefully: "I understand there are a few people who didn't care for Anders at all; that he had trouble with some people in the Resistance."

Petersen made no attempt to deny it, but shrugged. "Anders did have bitter clashes with the boys from the Bopa, the Communist group in the Resistance, but who could get along with those fools?"

So Severin had not lied. His information was correct. Anders must have talked to the German chemist at length about his experiences. Why should he have mentioned it after so many years unless—unless he suspected some kind of trouble from his former enemies?

"But you don't remember any particular name?"

Petersen grinned. "Human nature being what it is," he said, "we tend to forget unpleasantness. No, I don't recall the names, except, of course, one of our famous men who's been a Communist as long as I can remember. Professor Mesters."

The name meant nothing to Richard.

Petersen looked startled. "You've never heard of him?" he said, and it sounded a little contemptuous, as though Richard were someone from the backwoods. "But he's known all over the world as a specialist on diabetes, and a fierce Communist. He's been a member of the Party since he could write his name. Many people think of him as a hero because he was so essential in organizing the Resistance here. Anders and he never got along. It's a long story. Years ago, Anders's father called him a fool openly, and Mesters never forgave him. Now young Oersted comes along and tells him he doesn't trust the Communists and he's damned if he'll take any orders from the Bopa. Collaborate, yes, but no orders the Allies would not approve. You should have seen the fireworks."

Mesters, thought Richard, *Professor Mesters.*

Suddenly he heard Petersen laugh. "Why, of course," he said, "Frederik was another one of the Bopa boys. Frederik Gabel, I mean."

Richard caught his breath sharply. "You can't mean *Doctor* Frederik Gabel?"

"The very same."

"You're sure you aren't mixed up—you remember the name correctly?"

Petersen looked offended. "Of course I do." He made an odd little gesture, touching his forehead with one finger and knocking sharply. "I remember something else, too," he said, and it sounded almost triumphant. "It just came back to me now. And that's why I made a mark beside your name."

"A mark beside my name?"

"I didn't trust you." Petersen smiled apologetically. "You see, I didn't know you were Anders Oersted's friend. I thought you belonged to the Mesters group."

Richard was at a complete loss. "I never even knew the man existed," he said.

"You told me you didn't," said Petersen, "but I had heard your name before; only I couldn't recall when and where. But talking about all this, it suddenly came to me. It was Professor Mesters who mentioned your name. He was fetching someone from the airport, and when they walked off he stopped, and came back and asked a colleague of mine if a Mr. Richard Parker from London had already arrived."

A few minutes later, Richard was back at Severin's flat. Mesters and Gabel—with the knowledge of these names he might be able to force Severin to reveal what he had learned about them from Anders or from Party members.

The front door of the house in Kejsergade stood open. Richard found the landlady watering her plants, and asked for Otto Severin.

The woman picked a dry leaf off a geranium plant. "He left half an hour after you. Suitcase and all," she said. "He said he was going on a trip, and he wasn't sure when he would return."

"He didn't say where he was going?"

The woman shook her head, lifting her watering can, and as Richard watched the spray of water wet a small potted begonia, he saw, across the street, the round, nondescript face of the man who had followed him.

* * *

Richard stopped his car at a sign which said that this was a private lane, no cars allowed. For a moment he stood perfectly still, smelling the sharp odour of the pine trees which here, at Hornbaek, grew close to the shore.

Then he walked quickly up the lane between small houses, until he came to the one which carried Gabel's name. When he opened the gate in the picket fence, a bell tinkled and Helga's blonde head appeared at an open window. The next moment she had climbed through the window and was running towards him.

"Oh, Richard," she cried, "I didn't think you'd be back so soon! I thought it was Frederik's wife and the children coming back from the beach!" Her eyes were dancing, and she spoke quickly. She pressed his arm. "It came. You were up at the farm, of course, and heard. I left word with Ulla for you."

"What came?"

He had not stopped at the Oersted farm, but had come straight to Hornbaek.

"Why, the letter," she said. "Have you forgotten about Anders's letter? It was delivered at eight o'clock, as promised. I didn't sleep all night. I kept thinking of what you'd said, horrified by the idea that you might be right and it might never come."

She pulled a grey sheet of paper from the pocket of her dress, and there it was—Anders's neat, monkish writing:

Dear Helga,—Until now I am very well. I trust you will make it possible that we will be together soon. Your brother, Anders Oersted.

Richard read it twice. "*I trust you will make it possible. . . .*" No mention of him, not a word saying that he hoped Richard would make it possible. But then, Anders, undoubtedly writing under duress, would have avoided mentioning that only Richard knew where the explosive was hidden.

"I feel as if I had been born again," Helga said. She danced a few steps ahead of him. "As if I had never known that life could be so beautiful. Oh, Richard, darling, Anders will be with us tomorrow morning, and then you and I——"

"Has Gabel gone to the beach, too?"

"No." She stopped and said: "Shall we go directly to Viken?"

He didn't look at her. "If you remember correctly, I promised to be back only at six. We have until tomorrow morning at eight before we must deliver the container."

"I remember," she answered, and her voice changed. "But Iver as well as Frederik said you were absolutely crazy to hope you could find out anything; that you couldn't possibly——"

"I think I have."

Helga's eyes widened. He shook his head to her silent question. "I want to talk to Gabel."

Ever since he had left Severin's room, driven to Hellerup, where Gabel lived in one of the new modern villas, only to hear that he was spending July and August in his summer home in Hornbaek, Richard had wondered what he would say to the doctor when he finally faced him.

"He's in the living-room."

Richard walked past her. "Why, Richard," she said, "don't you want me to come with you?"

Richard turned around. She was wearing a sun dress, cut low and short. She looked frighteningly young and innocent and happy. In the end, he knew he could not keep his suspicions from her; she would have to know.

"Yes," he said, and his mouth was set. "You might as well hear it."

To be continued next week

"He's started his holiday then?"

Many lovely intermixable colours

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Change today to RIZLA! Only 9½d. buys a handy RIZLA Rolling Machine with a FREE packet of papers. Millions of satisfied smokers say RIZLA is the wiser way because they can really enjoy high-quality, low-price hand-made cigarettes to suit their own particular tastes.

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SHAPE NO. 1 When you have put in the paper and moistened it—instead of turning only the FRONT roller — TURN THEM BOTH! The front one with the two thumbs and the BACK one with the two first fingers as illustrated.

The most perfect machine is one that POWER-DRIVES BOTH ROLLERS. Power-drive them yourself and you will be astonished at the perfect cigarette you produce—without a crumble in it and factory fresh too.

SHAPE NO. 2

For those who use Filter tips — and wisely — try shaping only the filling once your machine. The tip will adjust itself to any size cigarette, major or minor and the result will astonish you. (Don't mess up the filling — it is horizontally drawn specially for the job).

9½D. BUYS MACHINE WITH FREE PAPERS
ADDITIONAL PAPERS ONLY 2½ A PACKET

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS FILTER TIPS & ROLLER

From all tobacconists

"It's no good carrying on like that, Timothy. . . . You're not having another iced lemonade!"

DUEL IN THE SEA

Continued from page 9

unwound the cord from my waist and threaded it through his gills and returned, trailing him, to the surface.

Respringing the gun always took a lot of strength in the water and I did it bobbing up and down just below the surface. Then, tired from the effort of it and the chase, I floated up for a rest.

The next thing I knew there was a shout and something big and rough fell over my head, dragging me down. In the startled instant before I sank, I saw an outrigger almost on top of me, with two men standing in the bows. I was in a net!

The net must have been weighted at the corners with rock because it pulled me down fast. I had hardly any air in my lungs and I was tired. I tried to lift the net off, but the weights closed in underneath me. In a last frantic struggle, I got hold of the side of the net and clawed my way down and out of it. But something still held me, dragging me down. My towing-line with the fish on it was caught. I had been in trouble that way before and always tied the cord in a reef knot. I untied it quickly and sprang, almost bursting, towards the surface.

I reached the air about thirty feet from the outrigger and lay back, taking in great gulps of it. The fishermen shouted when they saw me and started paddling the *sama* towards me.

There were four of them. I had seen them before. They were from near the hotel. The captain was a sun-wizened old man. He shook his fist at me and, with the other men standing in the bows, began hauling in the net.

I had a few moments before they reached me. I used them to get my breath back. With the harpoon I could hold them off at least far enough to stop them throwing the net. But I didn't have the harpoon. I had let go of it getting out of the net.

I took a few more quick breaths and dived again. But though I dropped as straight as I could, I couldn't see the gun. I broke the surface as far from the outrigger as I could and got ready to go down again.

The paddlers headed towards me a second time. The net came up at that moment, and the old man opened it across the bows. It was so heavy that only the built-up gunwale stopped them from shipping water.

I went under again. The gun was my only chance. Without it I was as good as dead. They could tire me out with the boat, then ride up close and drop the net over me and I would be too weak to get out.

In the back of my mind I was thinking that perhaps that was what happened to the Swede. The strongest swimmer on earth couldn't survive against four men in a boat.

I swam deeply down the bulk of the reef and along, peering among the boulders at the bottom. I caught the gleam of the gun then, from the soft pink of a snapper shoal. But it was deep. I nearly burst my eardrums getting it. I got back to the surface feeling that behind-the-ear sickness.

They came on again when they saw me. I tilted the gun up so the harpoon broke the surface, and shouted to them in Sinhalese to keep away.

"The spear-thing!" one of them exclaimed. The back two stopped paddling. There was a lot of excited chatter.

"Without water it is no good,' I heard the old man tell them.

"It is also a gun. Guns shoot well without water," said one of the paddlers.

"The spear thing is heavy," the old man explained. "It will not fly."

"How can we be sure?"

The old man started abusing them but the paddler cut him short.

"I have a better idea. It's quicker and better to watch."

While they were arguing, I was trying to figure out how I was going to reach the shore. They would be on top of me all the way, waiting for me to tire. I might manage it on my back, keeping the gun trained on them all the time. But they had to finish me, now they had started. Crouched down in the boat, they could use the sail to overtake me and at the last moment throw out the net.

I thought about sinking them with the harpoon, but Ceylon outriggers are made from a single hollowed-out jack tree log. The jack-tree is tough, and they hollow it by fire which makes it tougher, and even if I could hole it at short range they could plug it up again.

There wasn't a chance in hell of capsizing them. A *sama* can withstand any sea on earth. Two flyaway poles from the gunwale are lashed to a heavy log float, making them impossible to turn over.

It was like one of those dreams where you can't escape. With a dead, hopeless feeling, I turned on my back and began kicking for shore.

The talkative paddler saw my action and shouted jeeringly in pidgin English. "What's amatter, white man? White man wanna go home? Hey, George! Take a look at this!" He reached into the belly of the boat and fished out a scraggy looking object. It was the carcass of a dog which they had probably put in for bait. "Look, white man!" With a flick of his knife, he disembowelled it and flung it as far in my direction as he could. The others howled with laughter.

"O.K.? Very good?" mimicked

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Farm worker's wife (37) and gardener (70) both found

Rheumatic misery relieved

by using FYNNON SALT

Mrs. Wilson has a busy life and she enjoys every minute of it. In addition to the usual housework she takes care of an extensive garden which is her special pride. Mrs. Wilson's ten year old boy makes lots of work but, now that her fibrositis doesn't bother her, she takes it in her stride.

HERE'S HOPE FOR BRITAIN'S ONE MILLION ADULT SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM

Mrs. Jenny Wilson, 37, housewife of Charing, Kent, writes: **'For the past year I have suffered attacks of fibrositis, gradually these attacks got more painful. Unable to bear the pain and discomfort any longer, I started using Fynnon Salt. The results were amazing . . . A few months ago, housework was a most painful job for me to do, as the slightest movement of my arms was agony. Now I have started my spring cleaning and it is a real pleasure doing it . . . I shall always have Fynnon Salt in my medicine chest.'**

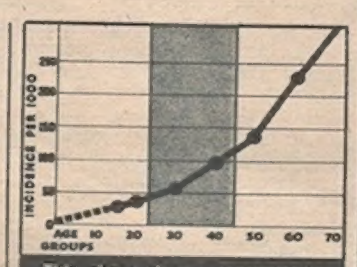
Mr. A. J. Hill, 70 year old gardener of Windsor, Berks., also gives Fynnon Salt credit for relieving his rheumatism. He writes: **'. . . two years ago I could hardly move . . . I had to get the wife to push me out of bed when I wanted to get up and for over a year I could not get on my cycle . . . Then a friend recommended Fynnon Salt, and many thanks to them I have been back doing gardening, including scythe work.'**

The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices

THE relief from disabling pain which Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Hill have found from taking Fynnon Salt, has been the experience of countless sufferers, as hundreds of grateful letters testify.

Too many people shrug off pains as just 'a touch of rheumatism'. Yet the truth is that in terms of suffering, disablement and loss of working time, rheumatism leads all other diseases.

The medical profession's growing concern over the menace of rheumatism has revealed surprising facts about its prevalence—facts that are still little known to the public. A recent survey in an industrial town showed that almost one person in every five was suffering from some form of rheumatism!



This chart gives a conservative picture of rheumatism in Great Britain. The revelation that rheumatism often starts in middle life stresses the advisability of early treatment.

No one would think Mr. Hill was seventy to see him at his active tasks as gardener and handyman at a hospital. Yet not long ago he could hardly move and was unable to do many things for himself. Now he wields a saw with a will and travels to work on his cycle every day.

Early treatment advisable

Another fact disclosed by research strongly underlines the need for early treatment. **It has been found that the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis, lumbago and the less acute forms of rheumatism are between the ages of 25 and 45.** But while the number of these cases appears to decline among elderly people, a proportion develop in later years into the more persistent kind of rheumatism.

As research has increased our knowledge of the incidence of rheumatism, it has also produced general agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste from the body frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions.

This emphasis on waste elimination explains why Fynnon Salt's two-way action has proved of such benefit to so many.

How Fynnon works

1. Fynnon Salt is an effective but gentle aperient working on the scientific principles of osmosis. This natural process utilises body fluid filtered through the intestinal tissues to rid the system of waste matter.

2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood—the approved treatment for certain rheumatic conditions.

The special virtue of Fynnon Salt lies in the even balance of its aperient and diuretic properties. Salts commonly have one or the other property to a marked degree, but Fynnon Salt has both in almost equal measure. Thus, by itself, Fynnon Salt is a complete internal cleansing agent. In composition it resembles the waters of certain spas, long famous for their success in treating rheumatism.

Act on first twinges

Fynnon Salt can do most for you if taken early, when the first twinges are felt. Keep up the treatment (adjusting the dosage to your individual need) until Fynnon's unique combination of mineral salts has a chance to help you.

The daily use of Fynnon Salt has brought to thousands of sufferers freedom and relief from the aches and pains of rheumatism. Let it bring similar relief for you too. *But if you are seriously worried about your condition, or if it fails to respond to treatment, don't fail to consult your doctor.*

FYNNON SALT

For the relief of all forms of muscular rheumatism

LUMBAGO · SCIATICA
FIBROSITIS · RHEUMATISM · GOUT · NEURITIS

LARGE TIN 2/4½d.

FORMULA. Approximately: Sodium Sulphate 93·96%. Sodium Bicarbonate 1·93%. Potassium Sulphate 2·05%. Lithium Sulphate 0·033%. Iron and Sodium Chloride: Traces

THE FYNNON CO., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

the paddler. They roared with laughter again.

If he had been in range I'd have let him have it then. They knew the smell of blood would bring the sharks.

The cold-bloodedness of it goaded me to such rage that I could only think of one thing: if I was going to die, so were they!

I dived and headed underwater straight for the boat. I passed the carcass of the dog twisting slowly downward through the water. When I saw the *nanu* lying like a crab on the water above me, I came up gently on the far side of it, my nose just breaking the water behind the outrigger float. The natives were sitting on the gunwhale, staring intently at the place where I had disappeared.

Hooking the gun on to the back of my belt, I got out my knife and began to slash the lashings which held the aft cross-member to the float.

I worked underwater, cutting the rope from underneath. I had slashed the cross-member completely loose before they knew anything was up.

The after end of the float swung free and the *nanu* began to list. It would have capsized eventually like that, but to make sure, I swam to the for'ard cross-member and started on that.

From where I was I could see the old man waving his arms about. He was ordering the paddlers over the side to fix it; but they wouldn't budge. They were too scared of the sharks.

As I severed the last turn of the rope, the unsupported cross-member plunged straight down into the water and the *nanu* toppled over, pitching them into the sea.

I surfaced at once and struck out for the reef. If there were any sharks in the neighbourhood, I didn't want to be caught in the open. I heard the terror-stricken cries of the natives as they tried to clamber on to the side of the craft. But, being a log, I knew it would slowly sink until it was just under the surface. No matter where they got to they wouldn't be safe from the sharks.

Looking down into the water as I swam, I suddenly saw a fifteen-foot grey shadow flick past, a couple of fathoms below me. It was a tiger shark! That meant the worst kind of trouble.

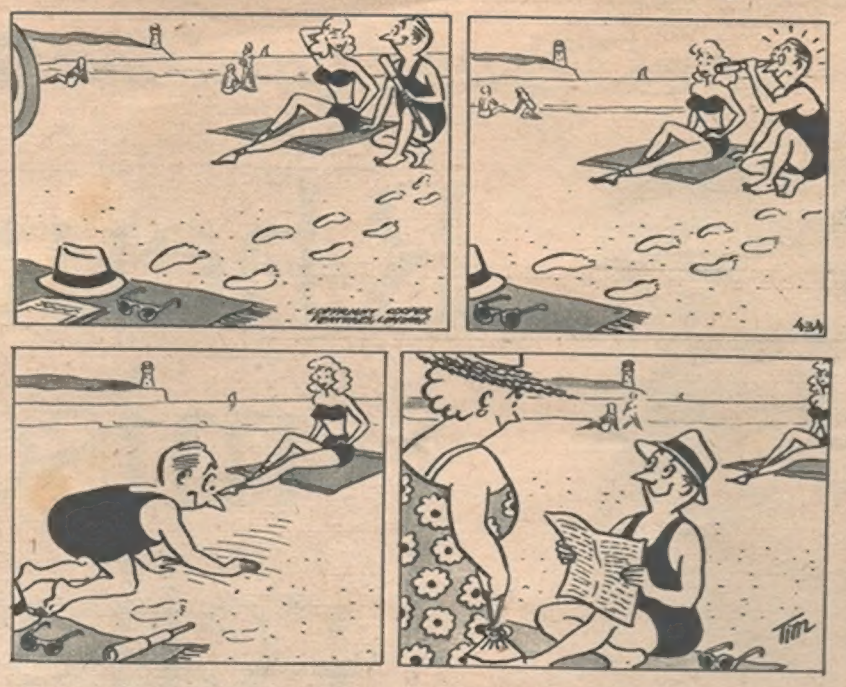
I kept watch on him to see if he was going to double back, but he paid no attention to me at all. I guessed he was heading unerringly to where the carcass of the dog had come to rest.

I dived close in against the reef, and held myself against the rock, waiting.

Almost instantly I felt the water crush against me, and a great body smashed past just overhead. It was another tiger shark. I watched him diminish to a green wraith in the clear water, in the direction of the boat. In the dreamlike virescence of the upper fathoms, I saw him turn deliberately and circle twice.

With an easy twist, he nosed up to

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



the surface and plucked at something.

Presently the first shark joined him, then another and another until there were five—cruising around close under the surface, from time to time nosing upwards, then backing away.

When I surfaced for air, the first thing I heard was the screaming. The old man had gone; so had the paddler. The remaining two were sitting astride the waterlogged boat beating the water frantically with their paddles and shrieking. Even as I watched, one of them was dragged down into the water with a look of indescribable horror on his face.

But as I sank once more to the shelter of the reef, I felt no pity. I felt nothing—only a sense of balance in the water and a waiting calm. They were not of my world. My world was down here in the silence where the heart beat in the throat and dark blooms writhed on the undertide.

With an emotion I can't describe, I watched the great fish shapes turn and turn again, reach up and dive. It was remorseless, like the cataracts of dark water draining and rushing through the reefs.

At last there was nothing more and they turned away, two of them heading inshore, the third out to sea, the last two nosing towards the reef.

One was about twelve feet long, the other a good fifteen. I kept as still as a rock, but the small one spotted me.

Kicking the water with his tail, he shot straight at me. I stood on a rock shelf, held down by the weight of the gun and let him come. I knew it was his experimental rush. Sure enough, when I didn't move, he veered off and turned, circling in a wide arc.

The big one saw me then. He came right at me, turning so close that his displacement knocked me off the ledge. Before I could control my balance, the other was back again. I tried to get the gun up, but I was twisting in the big one's backwash. He came in on his side with his mouth open. I opened my own mouth and yelled.

It sounded through the bones of my head like "Ulp!" but it jarred his hearing mechanism and he veered away.

I had to get air. I started to rise, but the big one came around me again. He came slowly at first, finishing with a short, savage rush. With what remaining breath I had, I yelled again. The crescent mouth missed me by a foot. The force of the water turned me over completely, tearing my mask off. I all but dropped the gun. With the water in my nose and eyes, somehow I groped my way to the surface and filled my lungs.

Without the mask, I was practically blind. Terrified he would come up under me, I went down again at once. But now everything was misty. I strained desperately to penetrate the green haze. A dark shape was moving below me. If that was one, where was the other? At any moment I expected to feel a shattering impact and the rending of jaws.

The shadow below me licked backwards and forwards several times. Then suddenly I knew it was tearing up towards me like an express locomotive. I swung the gun blindly in its direction, feeling for the trigger. The thing grew like an explosion—filling the whole ocean. I fired.

The shock of impact knocked me sideways. I clung on to the gun with both hands. There was a moment of floating, not knowing which way was up, and then a jerk which nearly wrenched the gun from my hands. I had him!

The next moment I was being rushed through the water at a great rate, swung round like a cat by the tail, and rushed back. I tried to see, but the pressure on my eyes was too great. If I couldn't get to the surface I would drown.

I snapped the emergency knot on the butt of my gun, releasing the fifteen feet of reserve line. It checked my progress instantly; I floated, was jerked on again, but slower this time. With all my strength, I fought my way to the surface; gasped for air, was dragged under, then released again.

For half an hour I was jerked, ducked and towed round the reef. Once he dragged me down until my ears nearly split, then up again. Then he gave up running and began to writhe and snap at everything in sight. He came at me again and again. I fought him off with the bayonet, till he snapped it off, then I used the gun. He bent up the end of the projector, then turned on himself and seized his own tail. That saved me. Once his teeth found flesh he would never let go.

His contortions grew weaker and weaker until at last I peered through the green water and saw the great crescent of him twisting, drowned on the line.

That was all there was to it, really. He was too heavy to tow home and I wasn't going to cut him adrift after all that. I detached the line from the gun and anchored him to an outcropping of rock. Then, hoping the other shark wouldn't find him, I swam back to the shore.

I say swam; I floated most of the way, I was so weak. A Swiss from the hotel helped me up on to the beach and took me in and got me a whisky, which I brought up. Then he paid for the hire of a rickety motorboat off a burgher because I hadn't any money, and the two of us went back to the reef.

The big shark was still there, with his tail still clamped firmly in his mouth. I went down and untied him. Something had had a bite out of him, but most of him was all right. The Swiss watched me through a sponging glass, and when we were on our way back with the shark trailing behind, he said that this was real adventure and that he had never had such fun in his whole life.

I got the thing to market in an ox-cart the next morning and sold it at auction. I made three hundred and seventy-five rupees out of it.

I didn't have any more trouble from the fishermen. After that, they kept away from me as though I had the plague. And when I went across to Trincomalee, I didn't have any trouble there, either. It was the best season I ever had.

THE END

GINO, WE LOVE YOU!

Continued from page 14

along except an expensive car that hooted and rushed by.

When he had walked two kilometres, he felt a nail sticking up in his shoe. He sat down at the roadside and took the shoe off, and began to hammer it with a big, smooth stone.

Banging away with the stone, he did not hear the donkey-cart coming round the bend in the road, not till it had almost reached him. And then there was no time left to take cover in the ditch. There was only time for him to put his arms across his face, and pray that the cart would go past without its driver recognizing him.

The cart did not go past. It pulled up by his side, and Anna Maria spoke to him.

"*Gino!*" she said.

Gino looked up, and forced himself to smile jauntily.

"I missed the bus," he said. "I'm a fool. I came down the hill too slowly, and the bus had gone."

She gazed at him steadily, and he blushed for his threadbare clothes.

"The reason for these clothes," he said awkwardly, "the reason why I'm wearing these old clothes. . . ." But no good reason sprang into his mind.

"Climb up," Anna Maria said quietly. "I'll drive you over to Atripalda."

They drove in silence for a time. Then Gino began again, in a voice that was unsure and defiant.

"I didn't want to get my new suit dusty, walking along the road, you see? So I put on these rags, just for the journey, you understand?"

"I understand."

"These are the clothes I used to wear when I was only a greaser." He could feel his hands trembling. "In the old days when I was a greaser."

"In the old days," Anna Maria said in a colourless voice.

"You believe me, don't you?" he said roughly.

"Why shouldn't I believe what you say?" At last she turned her head to look at him, and he could not bear to meet her eyes.

"All right, Anna Maria," said Gino sulkily. "I will tell you the truth."

"As you wish, Gino."

Each of the words was a separate pain to him as it came out of his mouth. "I'm not rich. I'm not a second engineer. I'm a greaser, and this is how I dress." He stared unhappily at the dusty road.

Anna Maria said: "I'm glad you have told me."

"I should have done it sooner. Now it's too late. Stop the cart, let me get down and walk by myself."

"First I shall tell you something."

"There's nothing more to say," he said, and his throat was dry.

"There is one thing. I knew it already."

"What do you mean?" he cried. "How could you know?"

"A week ago, Uncle Mastrocinque had a letter from his cousin, who has a son called Vittorio. There was all the news about you, how Vittorio had written that you were a greaser working with him. . . ."

Red as a turkey-cock, Gino asked: "And what did you do?"

"My uncle went and talked to your father. Then your parents asked advice from Don Antonio and the schoolmaster and the mayor. And then everybody discussed it, and we decided if you said you were a second engineer we would all agree with you."

"Why?" he cried. "I don't understand why!"

She said gently, "Because we wanted you to be happy, Gino. Because we love you."

Gino said wonderingly, "And I was pretending, so that my parents would be happy——"

There was relief in his heart, and a kind of joy, and something of the old swagger.

"Anna Maria," he said, daring to put his arm round her waist, "Anna Maria, I shall get promotion. Then everything will be all right, then I shall be able to hold up my head again. Anna Maria, when I come back as a real second engineer——"

She looked at him with love in her eyes, as well as laughter.

"Don't wait till then, Gino," she said softly. "Come back soon, whatever you are."

THE END

FINEST HOLIDAY PRIZE EVER OFFERED!

WINNERS of big cheques who have already chosen to enjoy prize holidays this year—in Britain, on the Continent and at sea—include: Mr. A. Wilkinson (Paris), Mrs. E. Atkinson (Switzerland), Mr. A. Ash (Menton), Mr. A. Booth (cruise to North Africa), Mr. R. Bedford (Riviera), Mr. C. F. Shipley (North Devon), Mrs. D. Patrick (European tour), Mr. S. Dicker (Nice and Paris), Mr. F. Coackley (Bournemouth).

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EXTRA £25 CASH BONUS

An extra £25 cash will be shared among the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN HOLIDAY PRIZE

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

For Love Of Britain	New Neighbour
Modern Man	Gritting His Teeth
Fruits Of Fear	No Youngster
To Bridge The Gulf	On A Winner
The Humble	Sir Galahad
Part We Play	Patter Of The Raindrops
Calmer Seas	In Small Doses
A Golden Dream	Dreaded
Imposing	Invading The Village
Poised For The Plunge	Mountain Of Ice-cream

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The ..... On Top	Stopped The.....
Promising	Didn't Bother To.....
In .....'s Hands	Some Fool..... And

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FINAL OFFER!

GIFT LABEL ENCLOSE THIS WITH ENTRY OF 5 OR MORE "BULLETS"

To secure my FREE copy of *The Winston Story*, I enclose with this Gift Label FIVE or more *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,947.

Name .....

Address.....

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.....

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CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 1,942

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Holiday Abroad for Two: Miss K. Rabette, 8 Worsley Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.3:

Youth In The Dock—Swallowing Lumps? Chewing Gum!

£25: Mrs. E. Carter, "Crendahr," Holt Road, Cromer: MENTAL POVERTY—MADE BOOKCASE A "SLUM."

£10: J. Cooper, "Ardenlea," Lower Street, Pulborough, Sussex: IF DEAD COULD SPEAK—ONE WORD—ONE *World*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: F. Needham, 3 Hoath Row, Hoath, near Canterbury: BAGS OF OPTIMISM—HEAPS OF LUCK—COINCIDENCE? £8: G. R. Nelson, 27 Rossie Place, Edinburgh: WE KNOW IT'S WRONG, BUT—*Stork's* ON "WAITING-LIST," TOO! £7: W. H. Hoole, 50 Park Road, Bearwood, Smethwick: WON'T BE TOLD—IT'S "BEDTIME," YOUNG WINSTON! £6: A. E. Newton, 123 Tile Kiln Lane, Bexley, Kent: HE'S AN M.P., SO—CHEAP, INCORRUPTIBLE *Superman* EXPECTED! £5: W. A. Fletcher, 141 Stanney Lane, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire: WE KNOW IT'S DIFFICULT, BUT—SOME TELEVISION PROGRAMMES *Impossible*! £5: D. J. Hopkins, 197 Allensbank Road, Heath, Cardiff: YOUTH IN THE DOCK—LAWBREAKER LAW MUSN'T "BREAK"! £5: Mrs. G. E. Munro, 16 Clifton Road, Parkstone, Dorset: MARCH OF WOMAN—TO SEE ALFIE'S MOTHER!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 100 Prizes of 5s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate in *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated August 21 and in JOHN BULL dated August 28), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 14, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,947 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,947, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	

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EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

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1,947 Special Holiday Closing Postmark TUES., AUG. 3

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5 or 6 slices of Swiss jam roll, 1 tin or jar of firm apricots; or 1½ lb. of fresh apricots stewed in a syrup of 8 ozs. sugar and ¾ pt. of water. 1 pt. custard. 6 oz. tin of Nestlé's Pure Cream. 1 or 2 macaroons if possible. 1 oz. blanched almonds. 2-3 tablespoonfuls of sherry.

Cut the jam roll into small cubes and place with broken macaroons in the bottom of a fairly shallow glass dish. Pour the sherry with a little of the apricot juice over it to soak. Cut up some of the apricots in cubes and add to the dish. Pour over the custard. Allow to set. Pile the Nestlé's Cream roughly so that it is fairly high in the centre. Decorate with Apricots, glace cherries and angelica just before serving. This recipe is equally delicious with any other tinned or fresh fruit.

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